CERTAINE SMALL POEMS LATELY PRINTED: with the Tragedie of *Philotas*.

Written by SAMVEL DANIELL.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

AT LONDON
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1605.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the right Honourable and *most vertuous Ladie, the Ladie* Margaret Countesse of Cumberland.

ALthough the meaner sort (whose thoughts are plac'd
As in another region, farre below
The Sphere of greatnesse) cannot rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to bestow
Words vpon griefe, as my griefes comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Ladie show
Out of my feelings, what she might haue pend.
And here the same, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Most vertuous Ladie, that vouchsaf'st to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto me,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread
Be'ing Secretarie now, but to the dead.

The Argument.

Vpon the second agreement (the first being broken through iealousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumuiri Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus: Octauia the sister of Octauius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a linke to combine that which neuer yet, the greatest strength of nature, or anie power of neerest respect could long hold together, who made but the instrument of others endes, and deliuered vp as an Ostage to serue the oportunity of aduantages, met not with that integritie she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction encountred with all the greeuances that beat vpon the misery of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diuers tending humours of vnquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet vpon him the fetters of Ægipt, layde on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe being not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward whither the point of his desires were directed, touch'd with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licencious soueraintie could draw a man vnto: could not truly descend to the priuate loue

of a ciuill matrone, whose entertainment bounded with modesty and the nature of her education, knew not to cloth her affections in any other colours then the plain habit of truth: wherein she euer suted al her actions: and vsed all her best ornaments of honesty, to win the good liking of him that helde her but as a Curtaine drawne betweene him and Octauius to shadow his other purposes withall; which the sharpe sight of an equally iealous ambition could soone pierce into, & as easily looke thorow and ouer blond and nature as he to abuse it. And therefore to prenent his aspiring, he armes his forces either to reduce Antonie to the ranke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and al. When Octauia by the imployment of Antonie (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her triall) throwes her selfe great with childe, and as big with sorrow, into the trauaile of a most labourſome reconciliacion: taking her iourney from the farthest parte of Greece to find Octauius, with whom her care and teares were so good agents that they effected their Commission beyond all expectation, and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relaps of his former disease, watching his oportunity got ouer again into Egypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that he quite put off his owne nature, and wholy became a pray to his pleasures, as if hee had wound himselfe out of the respect of Country, blond & alliance, which gaue to Octauia the cause of much affliction, and to me the Argument of this letter.

A letter

A Letter sent from *Octauia* to her husband Marcus Antonius *into* Ægypt.

1

TO thee (yet deere) though most disloyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keeps in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Octauia* sendeth word
Of th'vnkind wounds receiued by thy hand.
Great *Antony*, ô let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou dost, and do but read her teares
That still is thine though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, these my complaints may come
Whilst thou in th'armes of that incestious Queene
The staine of *Ægypt*, and the shame of *Rome*
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to haue them seene:
Whilst proud disdainfull she, gessing from whome
The message came, and what the cause hath beene,
Will scorning say, saith, this comes from your Deere,
Now sir you must be shent for staying heere.

3

From her indeed it comes, delitious dame,
(Thou royall Concubine, and Queene of lust)
Whose armes yet pure, whose breasts are void of blame,
And whose most lawfull flame proues thine vniust:

Tis she that sends the message of thy shame,
And his untruth that hath betraid her trust:
Pardon, deare lord, from her these sorrows are
Whose bed brings neither infamie nor wante.

4

And therefore heare her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wronges committed by thy shame;
Although at first my trust in thee was such
As it held out against the strongest fame;
My heart would never let in once a touch
Of least beliefe, till all confirmd the same:
That I was almost last that would believe
Because I knew mine first that most must grieve.

5

How oft have poore abused I tooke parte
With falshood onely for to make thee true?
How oft have I argued against my heart
Not suffring it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not have thee what thou arte
I made my selfe, unto my selfe untrue:
So much my loue labourd against thy Sinne
To shut out feare which yet kept feare within.

6

For I could never thinke th'aspiring mind
Of worthy and victorious *Antonie*,
Could be by such a *Syren* so declinde,
As to be traind a pray to Luxury:
I could not thinke my Lord would be so unkind
As to despise his Children, *Rome* and me:
But o how soone are they deceiued that trust
And more their shame, that wilbe so vniust.

But

7

But now that certaine fame hath open laid
Thy new relaps, and strange reuolt from mee,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away
and made the passage of my sorrows free:
For now poore hart, there's nothing in the way
Remaines to stand betwixt despaire and thee;
All is throwne downe, there comes no succors newe
It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8

And now I may with shame inough pull in
The colours I aduanced in his grace
For that subduing powre, that him did win
Hath lost me too, the honour of my face:
Yet why should I bearing no part of sinne
Beare such a mightie part of his disgrace?
Yes though it be not mine, it is of mine;
And his renowne being clipt'd, mine cannot shine.

9

Which makes me as I do, hide from thee eie
Of the misiudging vulger that will deeme,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus, my bed to diesteeme:
So that alas poore vndeseruing I
A cause of thy vncleane deserts shall seeme,
Though lust takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But still leaues known delights to seeke out new.

10

And yet my brother *Cæsar* laboured
To haue me leaue thy house, and liue more free,
But God forbid, *Octauia* should be led

To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
Are still the obiects that remember me
What *Antony* was once, although false now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

11

These walles that here do keepe me out of sight
Shall keepe me all vnsported vnto thee,
And testifie that I will do thee right,
Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me:
The now sad Chamber of my once delight
Shall be the temple of my pietie
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

12

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong
Might draw my bloud to forfeit vnto shame,
Not need I frustrate my delights so long
That haue such meanes to carry so the same,
Since that the face of greatnesse is so strong
As it dissolues suspect, and beares out blame,
Hauing all secret helps that long thereto
That seldome wants there ought but will to do:

13

Which yet to do, ere lust this heart shall frame
Earth swallow me aliue, hell rap me hence:
Shall I because despisd contemne my shame,
And add disgrace to others impudence?
What can my powre but glue more powre to fame?
Greatnesse must make it great incontinence;
Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,

No

No doore keepes in their ſhame that do not well.

14

Hath greatneſſe ought peculiar elſe alone
But to ſtand faire and bright aboue the baſe?
What doth deuide the cottage from the throne,
If vice ſhall lay both leuell with diſgrace?
For if vncleanneſſe make them but all one
What priuiledge hath honor by his place?
What though our ſinnes go braue and better clad,
They are as thoſe in rags as baſe as bad.

15

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath vndiſcerning cuſtome plac'd our kind
Vnder deſert, and ſet vs farre below
The reputation to our ſexe aſſign'd;
Charging our wrong reputed weakenes, how
We are vnconſtant, fickle, falſe, vnkinde:
And though our life with thouſand proofs ſhewes no
Yet ſince ſtrength ſaies it, weaknes muſt be ſo.

16

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no ſhare
Of power to do of lifes beſt benefite;
But ſtand as if we interdicted were
Of vertue, action, libertie and might:
Muſt you haue all, and not vouchſafe to ſpare
Our weaknes any intreſt of delight?
Is there no portion left for vs at all,
But ſufferance, ſorrow, ignorance and thrall?

17

Thrice happy you in whom it is no faule,
To know, to ſpeake, to do, and to be wiſe:

Whoſe

Whose words haue credit, and whose deeds thoogh (naught
Must yet be made to seeme far otherwise:
You can be onely heard whilst we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exercise
The powers of our best parts, because your parts
Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our hearts,

18

We in this prison of our selues confin'd
Must here shut vp with our own passions liue
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
The vent of outward meanes that might relieue:
That they alone must take vp all our mind;
And no roome left vs, but to thinke and grieue,
Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct
Then your loose wisdoms borne with wild neglect.

19

For should we too (as God forbid we should)
Carry no better hand on our desires
Then your strength doth; what int'rest could
Out wronged patience paie you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeed the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule confusion in your blood and race
To your immortall shame, and our disgrace?

20

What? are there bars for vs, no bounds for you?
Must lewitie stand sure, though firmnes fall?
And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
And we no grant to be dispens'd withall?
Must we inuiolable keepe your due,
Both to your loue, and to your falshood thrall?

Whilst you haue stretch'd your lust vnto your will?
As if your strength were licenc'd to do ill.

O if you be more strong then be more iust
Cleere this suspition, make not the world to doubt,
Whether in strong, or weake be better trust,
If frailty, or else valour be more stout:
And if we haue shut in our hearts from lust
Let not your bad example let them out,
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud,
If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

Is it that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but still in what it would,
Which drawes you on to do vs this vnright,
Whilst feare in vs of loosing what we hold
Keepes vs in still to you, that set vs light,
So that what you vnties, doth vs infold?
Then loue tis thou that dost confound vs so
To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

Distressed woman kind that either must
For louing loose your loues, or get neglect;
Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iust
And falshood cheerisht, faith without respect:
Better she fares in whom is lesser trust,
And more is lou'd that is in more suspect,
Which (pardon me) shews no great strength of minde
To be most theirs, that vse you most vnkinde.

Yet well is fits for that time euer must
Be torturd with the racke of his owne frame,

For

For he that holds no faith shall find no trust:
But sowing wrong is sure to reape the same:
How can he looke to haue his measure iust
That fils deceipt, and reckons not of shame,
And being not pleas'd with what he hath in loc
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not?

25

Yet if thou couldst not loue, thou mightst haue seem'd
Though to haue seem'd had likewise beene vniust:
Yet so much are leane shewes of vs esteem'd
That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust,
Because our nature grieueth to be deem'd
To be so wrong'd, although we be and must.
And i'ts some ease yet to be kindly vs'd
In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

26

But wo to her, that both in shew despis'd.
And in effect disgrac'd and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuis'd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore, be borne:
O *Antony*, could it not haue suffiz'd
That I was thine, but must be made her skorne
That enuies all our bloud, and doth deuide
Thee from thy selfe, onely to serue her pride?

27

What fault haue I committed that should make
So great dislike of me and of my loue?
Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
For to dislike what most doth it reproue?
Because the conscience gladly would mistake
Her own misdeedes which she would faine remoue.

And

And they that are vnwilling to amend
Will take offence because they will offend.

28

Or hauing run beyond all pardon quite
They flie and ioyne with sin as wholy his,
Making it now their side their part, their right,
And to turne backe would shew t'haue done amisse:
For now they thinke not to be opposite
To what obraides their fault, were wicked deeds:
So much doth folly thrust them into blame
That euen to leaue off shame, they count it shame.

29

Which do not thou decree Lord, for I do not
Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy retourne
Backe to thy selfe, whom thou hast both forgot
With me, poore me, that doth not spight but mourne:
And if thou couldst as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne:
And thou should'st be the same vnto my hart
Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

30

Though deepe doth sit the hard recouering smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad soule, then all th'vnkindnes past;
And *Antony* I appeale to thine owne hart,
(If th'hart which once was thine thou yet still hast)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue
Had iuster cause, then wretched *I*, to grieue.

31

For comming vnto *Athens* as I did,

Wea-

Wearie and weake with toyle, and all distrest,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to graunt me that request:
And how my trauaile was considered
And all my care, and cost, thy selfe knowes best:
That wouldst not moue one foote from lust for me
That had left all was deere to come to thee?

32

For first what great adoo had I to win,
My offended brother *Cæsars* backward will?
And praid, and wept, and cride to stay the sinne
Of ciuill rancor rising twixt you still:
For in what ease shall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both to share with both your ill?
My blood said I with either of you goes,
Who euer win, I shall be sure to lose.

33

For what shame should such mighty persons get
For two weake womens cause to disagree?
Nay what shall I that shall be deem'd to set
Th'inkindled fire, seeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate
Let these vnguilty hands the quenchers bee,
And let me iudge to mediate an accord
The Agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34

With praiers, vowes and teares, with vrging hand
I wrung from him a slender grant at last,
And with the rich prouisions I prepaid
For thy (intended *Parthian* war) made haste
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,

But

But all the tedious difficulties past:
And came to *Athens* where I *Niger* sent
To shew thee of my coming and intent.

35

Whereof when he had made relation
I was commanded to approch no neare?
Then sent I backe to know what should be done
With th'horse, and men, and monie I had there:
Whereat perhaps when soone remorse begun
To touch thy soule, to thinke yet what we were.
Th'Inchanters straight steps twixt thy hart & thee
And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.

36

She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit
And all her battery, to oppose my loue;
And bring thy comming grace no a retrait
The powre of all her subtilty to proue:
Now pale and faint she languishes, and straight
Seemes in a sound vnable more to moue:
Whilst hee instructed followers plie thine eares
With forged passions, mixt with fained teares.

37

Hard-harted lord: say they, how canst thou see
This mighty Queene a creature so diuine,
Lie thus distrest, and languishing for thee
And onely wretched bus for being thine?
Whilst base *Ofmais* must intitled bee
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy concubine:
Adiudge thy heart, raise it vnto his right
And let a keeper base passions quit;

Thus they assaile thy natures weakest side
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy mind,
Knowing where iudgment stood least fortified
And how t'incounter folly in her kinde.
But yet the while O what dost thou abide,
Who in thy selfe such warring thoughts dost finde?
In what confused case is thy soule in
Rackt betwixt pitie, sorrow, shame and sin?

39

I cannot tell but sure I dare beleeue
My trauailes needs must some compassion moue:
For no such locke to bloud could nature giue
To shut our pitie, though it shut our loue:
Conscience must leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue,
The guilt of thy offence that caus'd the same,
For deepest wounds the hand of our owne shame.

40

Neuer haue vniust pleasures beene compleet
In loyes intire, but still some kept the dore
And held back something from that ful of sweet
To interfowre vnsure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumstances meete
With those desires which were coceiu'd before
Something must still be left to check our sinne,
And giue a touch of what should not haue bin.

Wretched mankind, wherefore hath nature made
The lawfull vndelightfull, th'vniust shame?

As if our pleasure onely were forbode,
But to giue fire to lust, t'ad greater flames;
Or else but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the same,
Which though it be, yet ad not worse to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.

42

Redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make peace,
With thy deuided hart oppresst with toyle;
Breake vp this war, this beast dissention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I do not only seeke my good t'increase,
But thine owne ease, and liberty the while:
Thee in the circuite of thy selfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43

I know my pitied loue, doth aggrauate
Enuy and wrath, for these wrongs offered:
And that my suffrings adde with my estate
Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy heads:
Yet is not that, my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wish to haue beene vnpitied
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him, that is so deere to me.

44

Cannot the busie world let me alone
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke t'offend me with vnsought reliefe?
Whilst my affections labour'd to moue none

But only thee; must pitty play the thiefe,
To steale so many harts to hurt my hart,
And moue a part against my deerest part?

45

Yet all this shall not preiudice my Lord
If yet he will but make returne at last,
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my inrowled griefe all that is past;
And I will not so much as once afford
Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac'd;
And pity shall bring back againe with me
Th'offended harts that haue forsaken thee,

46

And therefore come deere lord, least longer stay
Do arme against thee all the powers of spight:
And thou bee made at last the wofull pray
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soule affright?
What horror do I see, prepar'd t'attend
Th'euent of this? what end vnlesse thou end?

47

With what strange formes and shadowes ominous
Did my last sleepe, my griev'd soule intertaine?
I dreampt, yet ô, dreames are but friuolous,
And yet Ile tell it, and God graunt it vaine.
A Sea Horse. Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
From *Nilus* floting, thrusts into the maine,
Vpon whose backe a wanton Mermaid sate,
As if she ruld his course and steerd his gate.

With

48

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and powre as good:
At whose ingrappling *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour dyde with streames of bloud,
Whereat, this looker on, amaz'd forsakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better stoode:
But se'ing her gone straight after her he hies
As if his hart and strength laye in her eies:

49

On followes wrath upon disgrace and feare,
Whereof th'euent forsooke me with the night,
But my wak'd cares, gaue me, these shadowes were
Drawne but from darknes to instruct the light,
These secret figures, natures message beare
Of comming woes, where they delay'ed right;
But if as cloudes of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spight that are awake.

50

Preuent great spirit the tempest that begins,
If lust and thy ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgement from a true survay
Of thy estate; and let thy hart within
Consider in what danger thou doost lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadows ouercast.

51

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, frō tolle,
Possesse thine owne with right, with truth, with peace;

Breake from these snares, thy iudgment vnbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my griefe release.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
Words still with my increasing sorowes grow;
I know I haue said too much, but not ynow.
Wherefore no more but onely I commend
To thee the hart that's thine, and so I end,

FINIS.

1076. f. 2
2

THE TRAGEDIE of *Cleopatra*.

To the Lady *Marie* Countesse of Pembrooke.

Ætas prima canit veneres postrema tumultus.

THE TRAGEDIE of Cleopatra.

To the Lady Marie Countesse of Pembrooke.

Tarpeyma comes vocat ecce pedes.

The Argument.

AFter the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (liuing still in the Monument she had caused to be built,) could not by any meanes be drawne foorth, although Octauius Cæsar very earnestly laboured it: and sent Proculeius, to vse all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that he thought it would bee a great Ornament to his Triumphes, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would she put her selfe into the hands of Proculeius, although on a time her found the meanes, (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument) to come downe vnto her, where hee perswaded her (all hee might) to yeelde her selfe to Cæsars mercy. Which shee (to the griefe of him) seemingly seemed to graunt vnto. After that, Octauius in person went to visit her, to whom she excused her offence, laying all the fault vpon the greatnes, and feare she had of Antonius, and withall, seemed very tractable, and willing to be disposed of by him.

Whereupon Octauius, (thinking himselfe sure) resolued presently to send her away to Rome. Whereof, Dolabella, a fauourite of Cæsars, (and one that was growne into some good liking of her) hauing certified her, shee makes her humble petition to Cæsar, that he would suffer her

her to sacrifice to the ghost of him whom she buried, being ended her sacrifice she was brought vnto his sepulchre, where, after her rites performed, she returned to the monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habit of a countryman, with a basket of Figs vnto her, who (vnsuspected) was suffered to carry them in. And in that Basket (among the Figges) were conueyed the Aspicles wherewith she did her selfe to death. Dinner being ended, she deliuered Letters to Cæsar, containing great lamentations with an earnest supplication, that she might be interred with Antonius. Wherevpon Cæsar knowing what she intended, sent presently with all speede, Messengers to haue preuented her death, which notwithstanding, before they came, was dispatched.

Cæsario her sonne, whom she had by Iulius Cæsar (conueyed before vnto India, out of the danger of the warres) was about the same time of her death, murthered at Rhodes: ordained thither by the falshoode of his Tutor, corrupted by Cæsar. And so hereby came the race of the Ptolomies to be wholy extinct, and the flourishing rich kingdome of Egypt vtterly ouerthrowne and subdued.

The

THE TRAGEDIE of Cleopatra.

The Scene supposed Alexandria.

THE ACTORS

Cleopatra. *Octauia Cæsar.*
Proculeius. *Dercetas.*
Titius Seruant to Dolabella.
Arius } *Philosophers.*
Philostratus. }
Seleucus Seruant to Octauia.
Rodon, Seruant to Cæsar.
Nuntius.
The Chorus, Egyptians.

Actus Primus.

Cleopatra.

YET do I liue, and yet doth breath extend
My life beyond my life? nor can my griefe
Shut vp my griefes, or make my end my end?
Will yet pollution haue more then I haue?
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe, and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and she not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not rauish'd?
Can yet these eyes endure the ghastly looke

Of

Of Desolations darke and ougly face,
Wont but on Forraine fattest ride to looke,
Where nought was but applause, but smiles, & grace?
Whiles on his shoulders all my rest relide
On whom the burthen of it ambitiously,
My *Atlas*, and supporter of my pride
That did the world of all my glory sway,
Who now throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Crusht with the weight of Shame and Infamy,
Following th'vnlucky party of mine eies,
The traines of lust and imbecillitie.
Whereby my dissolution is become
The graue of Egypt and the wracke of all;
My vnsore seeing weakenesse must intoome
My Countries fame, and glorie with my fall.
Now who would thinke that I were she who late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuiron'd with delights, compass'd with state,
Glittring in pomp that harts and eyes bewitch'd;
Should thus distrest, cast downe from off that height
Leuell'd with low disgrac'd calamitie,
Vnder the weight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest misery.

Y Ay me the woman whose inuetrate pride,
Adorn'd like *Iris*, scorn'd mortality?
Is't I would haue my frailety so beliide,
That flatterie could perswade I was not I?
Well, then I see, they but delude that praise vs,
Greatnesse is mockt, prosperitie betrayes vs:
And we are but our selues, although this cloude

O

Of interposed fondlie makes vs fortune mocke
These spreading parts of pomp whereof we are plaied,
Are not our parts, but parts of others storie
Witnesse these gallant fortune following traines,
These Summer Swallowes of felicitie
Gone with the heate of all, see what remaines,
This monument, two maides, and wretched I,
And I t'adorne their triumphs am reserv'd
A captiue, kept to honour others spoyles,
Whom *Cæsar* labors so to haue preserv'd
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles.
But *Cæsar*, it is more then thou canst do,
Promise, flatter, threaten extremitie,
Imploy thy wits and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands, and will, and I can die.
Though thou, of both my country and my crowne,
Of powre, of meanes and all dost quite bereaue me,
Though thou hast wholy Egypt made thine owne,
Yet hast thou left me that which will deceiue thee,
That courage with my blood and birth inuited,
Admir'd of all the earth as thou art now,
Can neuer be so abiectly abated
To be thy slaue that rul'd as good as thou.
Thinke *Cæsar*, I that liu'd and raign'd a Queene,
Doe scornie to buy my life at such a rate,
That I should vndermeath my selfe be seene,
Basely enduring to furnish my state
That Rome should see my scepter-bearing hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my teares,
That I should passe whereas Octauia stands,

To vew my miserie that purchas'd hate.
No, I disdaine that head which wore a crowne,
Should stoope to take vp that which others giue;
I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne.
Tis sweet to die when we are forc'd to liue.
Nor had I staide behind my selfe this space,
Nor paid such interest for this borrow'd breath,
But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace
For my distressed soede after my death.
It's that which doth my decrett bloud controule,
That's it alas detaines me from my sonne,
Whiles Nature brings to contradict my soule
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
You luckelesse issue of an wofull mother,
The wretched pledges of a wanton bed,
You Kings design'd, must subiects liue to other;
Or else, I feare, scarce liue, when I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with *Cæsar*,
And stay this while to mediate your safeties
For you I faine content and sooth his pleasure,
Calamitie herein hath made me craftie.
But this is but to trie what may be done,
For come what will, this stands I must die free,
And die my selfe vncaptiu'd and vnwone.
Bloud, Children, Nature, all must pardon me,
My soule yeelds Honor vp the victorie,
And I must be a Queene, forget a mother,
Though mother would I be, were I not I,
And Queene would not be now, could I be other.
But what know I if th'heauens haue decreed

And that the fortune of Egypt hauc deserud
The Ptolomies should raise and none succeed,
And that my weetchlesse was thereto reserud
That I should bring confusion to my stocke
And fill the times full of infamy,
Luxuriousnesse in me should raise the rate
Of loose and ill dispensed liberty:
If it be so, then what need these delaies?
Since I was made the marines of misery:
Why should I striue but to make death my praise,
That had my life but for my infamie?
And let the write in letters of my bloud
A fit memorial for the times to come,
To be example to such Princes good
As pleasse themselues, and care not what become.
And though although the world takes note
That my defects haue only ruin'd thee:
And my ambitious practises are thought
The motiue and the cause of all to be:
Yet God thou know'st this fault is wrongly laide
Vpon my soule, whom ill successe makes still
And my condemn'd misfortune hath no aide
Against prowd lucke that argues what it will.
I haue no meanes to vnderstand their minds,
But to bring in the witnesse of my bloud
To testifie the faith and loue that binds
My equall shame, to fall with whom I stood:
Defects I grant I had, but this was worst,
That being the first to fall I dy'd not first.
Though I perhaps could light a mine own fire

With

With some excuse of my constrained case
Drawn downe with powre, but that were to deuide
My shame to stand alone in my disgrace.
To cleere me so, would shew m'affections naught
And make th'excuse more haynous then the fault.
Since if I should our errors diffinite,
I should confound afflictions onely reft,
That from steene death steen steales a sad delight
To die with friends or with the like distreste.
And since we tooke of either such firme hold
In th'ouerwhelming seas of fortune cast,
What powre should be of powre to vnfold
The armes of our affections locke so fast.
For grapling in the ocean of our pride,
We sunke each others greatneste both together
And both made shipwracke of our fame beside,
Both wrought a like destruction vnto either.
And therefore I am bound to sacrifice
To death and thee, the life that doth reproue me.
Our like distreste I feele doth simpathize,
And euen affliction makes me truly loue thee,
Which *Alexis*, I must confesse my fault
I neuer did sincerely vntill now;
Now I protest I do, now am I taught
In death to leese, in life that knew not how.
For whilst my glory in her greatneste floode,
And that I saw my state, and knew my beauty:
Saw how the world admir'd me, how they wooed,
I then thought all men must loue me of duty:
And I loue none; for my lasciuious Court,

Fertile in euer freſh and new-choiſe pleaſure,
Affoorded me ſo bountifull diſport,
That I to ſtay on Loue had neuer leiſure:
My vagabond deſires no limites ſound.
For luſt is endleſſe, pleaſure hath no bound.
Thou comming from the ſtrictneſſe of thy City,
And this looſe pomp of monarchs neuer learneſt,
Inur'd to warres, in womens wiles vnwitty,
Whilſt others faind, thou fell'ſt to loue in earneſt;
Not knowing how we like them beſt that houer,
And make leaſt reckning of a doting louer.

And yet thou cam'ſt but in my beauties waine,
When new appeering wrinckles of declining
Wrought with the hand of yeeres, ſeem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly ſhining
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Failing of what I was, and was but thus;
When ſuch as we do deeme in iealouſie
That men loue for themſelues, and not for vs.
Then, and but thus, thou didſt loue moſt ſincerely
O *Antony* (who beſt deſeru'ſt it better)
This Autumne of my beauty bought ſo dearly,
For which in more then death, I ſtand thy debter.
Which I will pay thee with ſo true a minde,
(Caſting vp all theſe deepe accompts of mine)
That both our ſoules, and all the world ſhall find
All reckonings cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.

But to the end I may preuent prowd *Cæſar*,
Who doth ſo eagerly my life importune,
I muſt preuaile me of this little leaſure,
Seeming to ſute my minde vnto my fortune;

Thereby with more conuenience to prouide
For what my death and honour best shall fit:
An yeelding base content must wary hide
My last disdigne till I accomplish it,
That hereby yet the world shall see that I,
Although vnwise to liue, had wit to die.

Exit

CHORVS.

BEhold what furies still
Torment their tortur'd brest,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worldes vnrest.
Which when being most distrest,
Yet more to vexe their sprite,
The hidious face of sinne,
(In formes they must detest)
Standes euer in their sight.
Their conscience still within
Th'eternall larum is
That euer-barking dog that calles vpon their misse.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himselfe can finde:
No way to start aside
Out from the hell of minde.
But in himselfe confin'd,
He still sees sinne before?

And winged-footed paine,
That swiftly comes behinde,
The which is euer-more,
The sure and certaine gaine
Impiety doth get,
And wanton loose respect, that doth itselfe forget.

And Cleopatra *now,*
Well sees the dangerous way
She tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewise makes vs pay
For her disordred lust,
The int'rest of our blood:
Or liue a seruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniust,
As others shall thinke good.
This hath her viot woone
And thus she hath her state her selfe and vs vndone.

Now euery mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did restraine,
No secret closely done,
But now is vttered.
The text is made most plaine
That flatterie glos'd vpon,
The bed of sinne reueal'd,

And all the luxurie that shame would haue concealed.

The scene is broken downe,
And all vncou'red lyes,
The purple actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wise,
Proue imperfections smoake:
And all what wonder gaue
To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lyes scattred, dasht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconsiderate wights,
These momentarie pleasures fugitiue delights.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Cæsar. Proculeius.

KIngdoms I see we winne, we conquere Climates,
Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in close-concealed limits.
Stand farre without the reach of sworde or violence,
Who forc'd do pay vs dutie, pay not loue:
Free is the heart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuarie sacred from aboue,
Where nature keeps the keyes that loose and bind.
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So close shut vp, and lockt to all mankind:
I see mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The rest, anothers right, that rules the minde.

Behold, my force: vanquisht haue this Land,
Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine:
All Egypt yeelds to my all-conqu'ring hand,
And all their treasure and themselues resigne,
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde:
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be dispos'd as Chance hath her assign'd.
But *Proculei*, what hope doth shee now giue,
Will shee be brought to condiscend to liue?
Proc. My Lord, what time being sent from you to ply
To win her forth aliue (if that I might)
From out the Monument, where wofully
She liues inclos'd in most afflicted plight:
No way I found, no meanes how to surprize her,
But through a grate at th'entry of the place
Standing to treat, labour'd to aduise her,
To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.
She said shee crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite,
That *Cæsar* would vouchsafe (in clemencie)
To pittie them, though shee deseru'd no mercie,
So leauing her for then; and since of late,
With *Gallus* sent to trie an other time,
The whilst he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.
Where, in descending in the closest wise,
And silent manner as I could contriue:
Her woman me deseri'd, and out shee cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that the Queene raught from her side her knife,

And euen in act to ſtab her martred breſt,
I ſtept with ſpeed, and held, and ſau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreſt.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhouldſt thou, (ſaid I)
Both iniurie thy ſelfe and *Ceſar* ſo?
Barre him the honour of his victorie,
Who euer deales moſt mildly with his foe?
Liue, and relie on him, whoſe mercy will
To thy ſubmiſſion alwayes ready be.
With that (as all amaz'd) ſhe held her ſtill,
Twixt maieſtie confuz'd and miſerie.
Her proud grieu'd eyes, held ſorrow and diſdaine,
State and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule:
Dying ambition diſpoſeſt her raigne,
So baſe affliction ſeemed to controule.
Like as a burning Lampe, whoſe liquor ſpent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flaſh, as diſcontent,
That ſo the matter failes that ſhould redeeme it:
So ſhe (in ſpight) to ſee her low-brought ſtate,
When all her hopes were now conſum'd to nought)
Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
Or once deſcend into a ſeruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnuſed to beſeech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers ſo
That words of powre conioyn'd with humble ſpeech,
Shew'd ſhe would liue, yet ſcorn'd to pray her foe.
Ah, what hath *Ceſar* heere to do, ſaid ſhe,
In confines of the dead in darkneſſe lying?
Will he not grant our ſepulchres be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?

What,

What, must he stretch foorth his ambitious hand
Into the right of Death, and force vs heere?
Hath Miserie no couert where to stand
Free from the storme of Pride, is't safe no where?
Cannot my land, my golde, my crowne suffice,
And all what I held deere, to him made common,
But that he must in this sort tyrannize,
Th'afflicted body of an wofull woman?
Tell him, my frailetie, and the gods haue giuen
Sufficient glory, could he be content:
And let him now with his desires make euen,
And leaue me to this horror, to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from mee,
What must he take me from my selfe by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercie) leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore distressed corse.
No other crowne I seeke, no other good.
Yet wish that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,
To fauour the poore of-spring of my blood.
Confused issue, yet of Romane race.
If blood and name be lincks of loue in Princes,
Not spurres of hate; my poore *Cæsario* may
Finde fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
And *Cæsars* blood, may *Cæsars* raging stay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All must be rapt with furious violence,
And no respect, nor no regard at all,
Can aught with nature or with blood dispence:
Then be it so, if needs it must be so,
There staies and shrinckes in horror of her staier:
When I beganne to mitigate her woe,

And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
Wishing her not despaire, but rather come
And sue for grace, and shake off idle feares:
No doubt she should obtaine as gentle doome
As she desir'd, both for her selfe and hers.
And so with much adoe, (well pacifide
Seeming to be) she shew'd content to liue,
Saying she wasse solu'd thy doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour thou would'st giue.
And herewithall, crau'd also that shee might
Performe her last rites to her lost belou'd,
To sacrifice to him that wrought her plight:
And that she might not be by force remou'd.
I granting from thy part this her request,
Left her for then, seeming in better rest.

Cæs. But dost thou thinke she will remaine so still?

Pro. I thinke, and do assure my selfe she will.

Cæs. Ah, priuate men sound not the harts of Princes,
Whose purposes beare contrarie pretences.

Pro. Why tis her safetie to come yeeld to thee.

Cæs. But tis more honour for her to die free.

Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.

Cæs. Princes are not ally'd vnto their blood.

Pro. Can Princes powre dispence with nature than?

Cæs. To be a Prince, is more then be a man.

Pro. There's none but haue in time perswaded beene.

Cæs. And so might she too, were she not a Queene.

Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclaim'd.

Cæs. Princes (like Lions) neuer will be tam'd.
A priuate man may yeeld and care not how,
But greater hearts will breake before they bow.

And sure I thinke sh'will neuer condiscend,
To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace:
But yet let still a wary troupe attend,
To guard her person, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer:
Shortly my selfe will go to visite her.

CHORVS.

OPINION, how dost thou molest
Th'affected minde of restlesse man?
Who following thee never can,
Nor euer shall attaine to rest,
For getting what thou saist is best,
Yet lost, that best he findes farre wide
Of what thou promisdst before:
For in the same he looks for more,
Which proues but small when once tis tride.
Then something else thou findst beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought,
When in the end all proues but nought.
Farther from rest he findes him than,
Then at the first when he began.

O malecontent seducing guest,
Contriuer of our greatest woes:
Which borne of winde, and fed with showes,
Dost nurse thy selfe in thine vnrest,
Iudging vngotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceit desig'nst,

And

And all things in the world doſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme?
Which ſhews, their ſtate thou ill deſigneſt,
And liu'ſt to come, in preſent paſt.
For what thou haſt, thou ſtill doſt lacke;
O minders tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiſer of that ſweete reſt,
Which neuer any yet poſſeſt.

If we vnto ambition tend,
Then dooſt thou draine our weakneſſe on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that luſt we apprehend,
How doth that pleaſant plague infeſt?
O what ſtrange formes of luxurie,
Then ſtrait doſt caſt t'intice vs by?
And tell'ſt vs that is your beſt,
Which we haue neuer yet poſſeſt.
And that more pleaſure reſts beſide,
In ſomething that we haue not tride.
And when the ſame likewiſe is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony *can ſay is true,*
And Cleopatra *knowes tis ſo,*
By th'experience of their woe.
She can ſay, ſhe neuer knew
But that luſt found pleaſures new,
And was neuer ſatisfide:
He can ſay by proofe of toile,

Ambi-

Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feeds vpon the hart of pride:
And findes no rest, when all is tride.
For worldes cannot confine the one,
Th'other lists and bounds hath none.
And both subuert the minde, the state,
Procure destruction, enuie, hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion *leaues not heere,*
But sticks to Cleopatra *neere,*
Perswading now, how she shall gaine
Honour by death and fame attaine.
And what a shame it were to liue,
Her kingdome lost, her Louer dead:
And so with this perswasion led,
Dispaire doth such a courage giue,
That nought else can her minde relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought?
To this conclusion all is brought.
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Philostratus. *Arius.*

HOw deepely *Arius* am I bound to thee,
That saud'st frō death this wretched life of mine:
Obtaining *Cæsars* gentle grace for mee,
When I of all helpes else dispaird but thine?

Although

Although I see in such a woful state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd
Sith all our glories come to end their date,
Our Countries honour and our own expir'd
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
We liue but as in th'armes of our dead mother,
With bloud vnder our feet, ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land most wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our dearest good.
And so we liue, we care not how we liue:
So deepe we feele impressed in our blood,
That touch which Nature with our breath did giue.
And yet what blasts of words hath Learning found,
To blow against the feare of death and dying?
What comforts vnlicke eloquence can sound,
And yet all failes vs in the point of trying.
For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,
Without the compasse of destruction liuing,
What precepts shew we then what courage lofty
In taxing others festres in councell giuing?
When all this ayre of sweet-continued wordes
Proues but weake armour to defend the hart.
For when this life, pale Feare and Terrour boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himselfe can tourne,
That beares about the body of a man?
Who doth not toile and labour to adiorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can?
All this I speake to th'end my selfe t'excuse,
For my base begging of a seruile breath,
Wherein I grant my selfe much to abuse,

So

So shamefully to seeke t'auoide my death.
Arius. Philostratus, that selfe same care to liue,
Possesseth all alike, and grieue not them,
Nature doth vs no more then others giues:
Though we speake more then men, we are but men,
And yet (in truth) these miseries to see,
Wherein we stand in most extreame distresse,
Might to our selues sufficient motiues be
To loath this life, and weigh our death the lesse.
For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatnesse hath.
How improuident prosperity is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how dismaid Confusion keepes those streetes.
That nought but mirth and musique late resounded,
How nothing with our eie but horror meetes,
Our state, our wealth, our pride and all confounded.
Yet what weake sight did not discerne from far
This black-arising tempest, all confounding?
Who did not see we should be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to such abounding.
When dissolute impietie possest
Th'vnrespectiue mindes of prince and people
When insolent Securitie found rest
In wanton thoughts, which lust and ease made feeble.
Then when vnwary Peace with fat-fed pleasures
New-fresh inuented ryots still detected.
Purchac'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treasure,
Our lawes, our gods, our mysteryes neglected.
Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of disorders, mult

At length of force pay backe the bloodie price
Of ſad deſtruction, (a reward for luſt)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
Of like proud ſtates, as wofully incombred.
And fram'd by them, examples for our owne:
Which now among examples muſt be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An ancient Canon, of eternall date,
In Conſiſtory of the ſtarres of heauen,
Entred the Booke of vnauoyded Fate:
That no ſtate can in heigh of happineſſe,
In the'exaltation of their glory ſtand:
But thither once arriu'd declining leſſe,
Ruine themſelues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing courſe of things
Runne a perpetuall cirkle, euer turning:
And that ſame day that bieſt glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the poyne of back-returning:
For ſenceleſſe ſenſualty, doth euer
Accompany felicity and greatneſſe.
A fatall witch, whoſe charmes do leaue vs neuer
Till we leaue all in ſorrow for our ſweetneſſe;
When yet our ſelues muſt be the cauſe we fall,
Although the ſame be firſt decreed on hie:
Our errors ſtill muſt beare the blame of all,
This muſt it bee: earth, aske not heauen why.
Yet mighty men with wary iealous hand,
Striue to cut off all obſtacles of feare:
All whatſoeuer ſeems but to withſtand
Their leaſt conceit of quiet held ſo deere:
And ſo intrench themſelues with blood with crimes,

With

With all iniustice as their feares dispose:
Yet for all this we see, how oftentimes
The meanes they worke to keepe are meanes to lose,
And sure I cannot see, how this can stand
With great *Augustus* glory and his honor,
T'extinguish the succession of our land,
For her offence that pulld the wanes vpon her.
Phi. Must all her yssue be confounded now?
Ari. Yea all that from the roots of kings did grow,
Phi. And sweet *Cæsario* sprong of *Cæsars* blood?
Ari. Plurality of Cæsars are not good.
Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?
Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.
Phi. Then when it offers hurt, represse the same.
Ari. Tis best to quench a sparke before it flame.
Phi. Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.
Ari. Such innocents seldome remaine so still.
And sure his death may best procure our peace,
Competitors the subiect deerely buiest.
And so that our affliction may surcease,
Let great men be the peoples sacrifice.
But see where Cæsar comes himselfe to try
And worke the minde of our distressed Queene
With some deluding hope: whereby
She might be drawn to haue her fortune seene.
But yet I trust, Rome will not see that face
(That queld her champions) blush in base disgrace.

SCENA

SCENA SECVNDA.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Seleucus, Dolabella.

Cæsar.

WHat *Cleopatra*, doost thou doubt so much
Of Cæsars mercy, that thou hid'st thy face?
Or doost thou thinke, thy offences can be such,
That they surmount the measure of our grace?

Cle. O *Cæsar*, not for that I flie thy sight,
My soule this sad retire of sorrow choses:
But that m'oppressed thoughts abhorring light
Like best in darkenesse, my disgrace t'inclose.
And heere to these close limites of despaire,
This solitary horror where I bide:
Cæsar, I thought no Roman should repaire,
More after him, who here oppressed dyde.
Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,
Poore captive soule, that never thought to bow:
Whose happy foote of rule and Maiestie
Stood late on that same ground thou standest now.

Cæs. Rise Queene, none but thy selfe is cause of all,
And yet, would all were but thine owne alone:
That others ruine had not with thy fall
Brought Rome her sorrowes, to thy triumphes throne.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'st my winning ioy againe vnpleasing:
Sith th'eye of griefs looke not into our good,
But thor'w the horror of our owne blood shedding.
And all, we must attribute vnto thee.

Cle.

Cle. To me? *Cæsar*, what should a woman doe
Oppreſt with greatneſs? what was it for me
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakeneſſe, made
An inſtrument to ſuch diſſeignes as theſe.
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? who was not glad to pleaſe?
And how could I withdraw my ſuccouring hand
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?
The int'reſt of my faith in ſtreighteſt band,
My loue to his moſt firmely did combine.

Cæ. Loue? ah no, no, it was th'innated hatred
That thou and thine haſt euer borne our people:
That made thee ſeeke all meanes to haue vs ſcattred,
To diſunite our ſtrength, and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breaſt nurſe our diſſention,
With hope t'exalt thy ſelfe, t'augment thy ſtate?
To pray vpon the wracke of our contention,
And (with the reſt our foes,) to ioy thereat.

Cleo. O *Cæſar*, ſee how eaſie tis t'accuſe
Whom Fortune hath made faulty by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuſe
The titles of reproch hee's charg'd withall.
The conqueſting cauſe hath right, wherein thou art,
The vanquiſht ſtill is iudgde the worſer part.
Which part is mine, becauſe I loſt my part.
No leſſer then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for me, alas was needed art
To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But heere let weaker powers note what it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neere,

If wee take part, we oft do perish thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we must feare.
Alas, what shall the forst partakers doe,
When following none, yet must they perish too?
But *Cæsar*, sith thy right and cause is such,
Be not a heauy weight vpon calamitie:
Depresse not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefest glorie is the Victors lenitie.
Th'inheritance of mercie from him take,
Of whom thou hast thy fortune and thy name?
Great *Cæsar* me a Queene at first did make,
And let not *Cæsar* now confound the same,
Reade here these lines which still I keepe with me,
The witnesse of his loue and fauours euer:
And God forbid this should be said of thee,
That *Cæsar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cæsar*.
For looke what I haue beene to *Antony*
Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.
And here I do present thee with the note
Of all the treasure, all the iewels rare
That Egypt hath in many ages got:
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Selen. Nay there's not all set down within that role,
I know some things she hath reserv'd apart.
Cle. What vile vngrateful wretch, dar'st thou corrode
Thy Queene and soueraigne, cause as thou art.
Cæs. Holde, holde: a poore reuenge cã worke so much
Cle. Ah *Cæsar*, what a great indignitie
Is this, that here my vassall subiect stands
T'accuse me to my Lord of trecherie?
If I reserv'd some certaine womens toyes,

Alas it was not for my selfe (God knowes,)
Poore miserable soule, that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments in outward showes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Vnto thy *Liuia* and *Octauias* grace,
That thereby in compassion mooued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my case.

Cæs. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou shalt finde
What fauour thou desir'st, or canst expect:
For *Cæsar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy minde,
Relieue thy soule thus ouer-charg'd with care,
How well I will intreate thee thou shalt find,
So soone as some affaires dispatched are.
Till when farewel. *Cl.* Thanks thrise renowned *Cæsar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.

Dol. No maruell *Cæsar* though our greatest spirits,
Haue to the powre of such a charming beautie
Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits:
Forgetting all respect of other dutie,
Then whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring obiect to each wanton eye:
Before her full of sweet (with sorrow wain'd,)
Came to the period of this miserie.
If still, euen in the midst of death and horror
Such beautie shines, thorow clouds of age & sorrow,
If euen those sweet decaies seeme to pleade for her,
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
If in calamitie she could thus moue,
What could she do adorn'd with youth and loue?

What could she do then, when as spreading wide
The pomp of beauty, in her glory dight?
When arm'd with wonder, she could vse beside,
Th'ingines of her loue, Hope and Delight?
Daughter of Mersuile beauty O see how
Thou canst disgracing sorrowes sweetly grace.
What power thou show'st in a distressed brow,
That mak'st affliction faire, giu'st teares their grace,
What can vntressed locks, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I see then, artlesse feature can content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.
Cas. What in a passion *Dalabella?* what take heed:
Let others fresh examples be thy warning:
What mischiefs these, so idle humors breed,
Whilst error keepes vs from a true discerning.
Indeed I saw she labour'd to impart
Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheere:
Presuming on the face that knew the art
To moue with what aspect so ere it were.
But all in vaine, she takes her ayme amisse,
The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiues:
Time now hath altred all, for neither is
She as she was, nor we as she conceiues.
And therefore now leaue her vnto her sadnesse,
Folly in youth is sinne, in age, th'madnesse.
And for my part, I seeke but t'entertaine
In her some feeding hope to draw her forth.
The greatest Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
To bring home a prizall of such worth.
Now, sith that she seemes so well content,

To be dispos'd by vs, without more stay
She with her children shall to Rome be sent,
Whilst I by *Syria* thither take my way.

CHORVS.

O Fearefull frowning Nemesis,
Daughter of Iustice, most seuere,
That art the worlds great arbitresse,
And Queene of causes raigning heere:
Whose swift-sure hand is euer neere
Eternall iustice, righting wrong:
Who neuer yet deferrest long
The prowds decay, the weaks redresse:
But through thy power euery where,
Dost raze the great, and raise the lesse.
The lesse made great dost ruine too,
To shew the earth what heauen can do.

Thou from darke-clos'd eternitie,
From thy blacke cloudy hidden seate,
The worlds disorders dost descry:
Which when they swell so prowdly great,
Reuersing th'order nature set,
Thou gin'st thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th'inevitable destinie,
Which neither wit nor strength can let,
Fast chain'd vnto necessitie,
In mortall things doth order so,
Th'alternate course of weale or woe.

O how the powres of heauen doe play
With transalted mortalitie:
And doth their weakenesse still betray,
In their best prosperitie?
When being lifted vp so hie,
They looke beyond themselues so farre,
That to themselues they take no care;
Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay,
Their late prowd mounting vanitie:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it Iustice that all wee
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults should punisht be,
And to destruction thus pursude?
O why should th'heauens vs include,
Within the compasse of their fall,
Who of themselues procured all?
Or do the gods in close decree,
Occasion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with crueltie?
Ah no, the gods are euer iust,
Our faults excuse their rigor must.

This is the period Fate set downe,
To Egypts fat prosperitie:
Which now vnto her greatest growne,
Must perish thus by course must die.
And some must be the causers why

This reuolution must be wrought,
As borne to bring their state to nought:
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice so farre hath ouer growne,
As we, so they that treate vs thus,
Must one day perish like to vs.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Selencus. Rodon.

Sel. FRiend *Rodon* neuer in a better howre,
Could I haue met thee then cu'n now I do,
Hauing affliction in the greatest powre
Vpon my soule, and none to tell it too.
For tis some ease our sorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we shall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele:
And meete vs with a sigh but at a cloze.

Rod. And neuer (friend *Selencus*) found'st thou one
That better could beare such a part with thee:
Who by his own, knows others cares to mone,
And can, in like accord of griefe, agree.
And therefore tell th'oppression of thy hart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and rul'd to care:
And I will likewise vnto thee impart
As sad a tale as what thou shalt declare.
So shall we both our mournefull plaints combine,

Ile waile thy state, and thou shalt pittie mine.

Sel. Wel then, thou know'st how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Court
As one of Councell, and of chiefest place,
And euer held my credite in that sort.
Till now in this confusion of our state,
When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to climbe,
And fled the wretched flowne vnto the great,
(Following the fortune of the present time,)
Am come to be cast downe and ruin'd cleane;
And in the course of mine own plot vndone,
For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
Reueald to *Cæsar*, to haue fauor wonne,
My trechery is quited with disgrace,
My falshood loath'd, and not without great reason:
Though good for him, yet Princes in this case
Do hate the Traitor, though they loue the treason.
For how could he imagine I would be
Faithfull to him, being false vnto mine owne?
And false to such a bounteous Queene as she,
That had me rais'd and made mine honor knowne.
He saw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for base feare, or mine owne state to settle.
Weakenesse is false, and faith in Cowards rare,
Feare findes out shifts, timiditie is subtle.
And therefore scorn'd of him, scorn'd of mine own.
Hatefull to all that looke into my state:
Despis'd *Seleucus* now is onely grown
The marke of infamy, that is pointed at.

Rod. Tis much thou saist, and O too much to feele,
And I do grieue and do lament thy fall:

But yet all this which thou doest heere reueale,
Compar'd with mine, will make thine seeme but small.
Although my fault be in the selfe-same kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull;
Mine sprong of mischiefe, thine from feeble mind,
I staind with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.
For vnto me did *Cleopatra* giue
The best and deerest treasure of her blood,
Louely *Cæsario*, whom she would haue liue
Free from the dangers wherein Egypt stoode.
And vnto me with him this charge she gaue,
Here *Rodon*, take, conuey from out this coast,
This precious Gem, the chiefest that I haue,
The iewell of my soule I value most.
Guide him to *India*, leade him farre from hence,
Safeguard him where secure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And Egypts peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe;
(The rising Sunne of our declining state:)
These be the hands that may restore our wracke,
And raise the broken ruines made of late.
He may giue limits to the boundlesse pride
Of fierce *Octauius*, and abate his might:
Great *Iulius* of-spring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world as his by right.
O how he seemes the modell of his Syre?
O how I gaze my Cæsar in his face?
Such was his gate, so did his lookes aspire;
Such was his threatning brow, such was his grace.
High shouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.

And O, (if he had not beene borne so late,)
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
And now haue beene the Champion of our state.
Then vnto him, O my deere Sonne (she saies,)
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
Reserue thy selfe, ordain'd for better dayes,
For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me (thy wofull Mother) to endure
The fury of this tempest heere alone,
Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure,
Thou mayst reuenge, when others can but mone:
Rodon will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy wayes, thou shalt not needs to feare.
Rodon (My faithfull seruant) will prouide
What shal be best for the, take thou no care.
And O good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth,
The wayes are long, and dangers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I doe doube thy truth,
Mothers will cast the worst, and alwayes feare.
The absent danger greater still appeares,
Lesse feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And O, I know not what presaging thought
My sprite suggests of luckless bad euent:
But yet it may be tis but Loue doth doate,
Or yule shadowes with my feares present,
But yet the memory of mine owne fate
Makes me feare his. And yet why should I feare
His fortune may recouer better state,
And he may come in pomp to gouerne here.
But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our race
By some maligaant spirit comes ouerthrowne:

Our bloud muſt be extinct, in my diſgrace,
Egypt muſt haue no more Kings of their owne,
Then let him ſtay, and let vs fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we muſt all?
Yet who knowes what may come? let him go thither.
What Merchaunt in one veſſell ventures all?
Let vs deuide our ſtarres. Go, go my ſonne,
Let not the fate of Egypt finde thee here:
Try if ſo be thy deſtinie can ſhunne
The common wracke of vs by being there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Againſt the heauens, or hid him any where?
Then what neede I to ſend thee ſo farre hence
To ſeeke thy death that mayſt as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in reſt,
Nor trauelling to what will come to thee.
Why ſhould we leaue our bloud vnto the Eaſt,
When Egypt may a Tombe ſufficient be?
O my diuided ſoule, what ſhall I do?
Whereon ſhall now my reſolution reſt?
What were I beſt reſolue to yeeld vnto,
When both are bad, how ſhall I know the beſt?
Stay, I may hap ſo worke with *Ceſar* now,
That he may yeelde him to reſtore thy right.
Goe: *Ceſar* neuer will conſent that thou
So neere in bloud, ſhalt be ſo great in might,
Then take him *Rodon*, go my ſonne, farewell.
But ſtay; there's ſomething elſe that I would ſay:
Yet nothing now, but O god ſpeede thee well,
Leſt ſaying more, that more may make thee ſtay.
Yet let me ſpeake: It may be tis the laſt,

That

That euer I ſhall ſpeake to thee my ſonne,
Do Mothers vſe to part in ſuch poſt haſt?
What, muſt I end when I haue ſcarce begunne?
Ah no (deere heart) 'tis no ſuch ſlender twine
Wherewith the knot is tide twixt thee and me,
That bloud within thy veins came out of mine,
Parting from thee I part from part of me:
And therefore I muſt ſpeake. Yet what? O ſonne.
Here more ſhe would, when more ſhe could not ſay,
Sorrow rebounding backe whence it beguane,
Filld vp the paſſage, and quite ſtopt the way:
When ſweet *Cæſario* with a princely ſpirit,
(Though comfortleſſe himſelfe) did comfort giue,
With mildeſt wordes perſwading her to beare it.
And as for him, ſhe ſhould not neede to grieue.
And I (with proteſtations of my part,)
Swore by that faith, (which ſworne I did deceiue)
That I would vſe all care, all wit and art
To ſee him ſafe; And ſo we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had we trauail'd to our iurnies end,
When *Cæſar* hauing knowledge of our way,
His Agents after vs with ſpeede doth ſend
To labour me *Cæſario* to betray.
Who with rewards and promiſes ſo large,
Aſſail'd me then, that I grew ſoone content
And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octauius* for him ſent,
To make him King of Egypt preſently.
And thither come, ſeeing himſelfe betray'd.
And in the hands of death through trechery,
Wayling his ſtate, thus to himſelfe he ſaid.

Lo here brought backe by subtile traine to death
Betraide by Tutors faith, or traitors nether
My fault my bloud, and mine offence my birth,
For being sonne of such a mighty Father.
From *India*, (whither sent by mothers care,
To be reserv'd from Egipts common wracke,)
To *Rhodes*, (so long the armes of tyrants are,)
I am by *Cæsars* subtile reach brought backe:
Heere to be made th'oblation for his feares,
Who doubts the poore revenge these hãds may do him
Respecting neither bloud, nor youth, nor yeeres,
Or how small safety can my death be to him.
And is this all the good of being borne great?
Then wretched greatnesse proud rich miserie,
Pompous distresse, glittering calamity,
Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers swear,
To purchase bloud and death for them and theirs?
Is this the issue that their glories get,
So leave a sure destruction to their heires?
O how much better had it beene for me,
From low descent, deriv'd of humble birth,
T'have eat the sweete sowre bread of pouerty,
And drunke of *Nylus* streams in *Nilus* earth:
Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, secure in minde,
Vntouch't when sad events of princes dottage
Confownds what euer mighty it doth finde.
Out of the way of greatnesse, whose condition
Is to have all made cleere, and all thing plaine
Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let the full sight of their ayme.

Whete

Where nothing ſtands, that ſtands not in ſubmiſſion;
Where greatneſſe muſt all in it ſelfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muſt downe,
Neere death he ſtands, that ſtands to neare a Crowne.
Such is my caſe, for *Ceſar* will have all,
My bloud muſt ſeale th'aſſurance of his ſtate:
Yet ah weake ſtate that bloud aſſure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongfull ſhedding, gods and men do hate.
Iniuſtice neuer ſcapes vnpuniſht ſtill,
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
And thou *Auguſtus* that with bloudy hand,
Cut'ſt off ſucceſſion from anothers race,
Maiſt find the heauens thy vowes ſo to withſtand,
That others may depriue thine in like caſe.
When thou mayſt ſee thy prowde contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite:
Subuert thy bloud, place others in their ſted,
To pay this thy iniuſtice her due merite.
If it be true (as who can that denie
Which ſacred Prieſts of *Memphis* doe fore-ſay)
Some of the of-ſpring yet of *Antony*.
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire ſway;
And then *Auguſtus*, what is it thou gaineſt
By poore *Antillus* bloud, or this of mine?
Nothing but this thy victory thou ſtaineſt,
And pull'ſt the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
In vaine doth man contend againſt the ſtarres,
For that he ſeekes to make, his wiſdome mars.
Yet in the mean-time we whom Fates reſerue,
The bloudy ſacrifices of ambition
We feele the ſmart what euer they deſerue,

And

And we indure the present times condition.
The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely satisfie it selfe, not vs.
Yet tis a pleasing comfort that doth ease
Affliction in so great extremity.
To thinke their like destruction shall appease
Our ghosts, who did procure our misery.
But dead we are, vncertaine what shall bee,
And liuing, we are sure to feele the wrong:
Our certaine ruine we our selues do see.
They ioy the while, and we know not how long.
But yet *Cæsario*, thou must die content,
For men will mone, and God reuenge th'innocent.
Thus he complain'd, and thus thou hear'st my shame,
S.I. But how hath *Cæsar* now rewarded thee?
Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the same,
As fell to *Theodor* to fall to me:
For he (one of my coate) hauing betraid
The yong *Antillus* sonne of *Anthony*,
And at his death from off his necke conuaid
A iewell: which being askt, he did denie:
Cæsar occasion tooke to hang him strait.
Such instruments with Princes liue not long.
Although they need such actors of deceit,
Yet still our sight seemes to vpbraid their wrong;
And therefore we must needes this daunger runne,
And in the net of our owne guile be caught:
We must not liue to beare what we haue done.
For what is done, must not appeare their fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra*, Woefull Queene,
And our shame will not that we should be seene.

Exeunt. *Cleo-*

Cleopatra.

WHat hath my face yet power to win a Louer?
Can this torne remnant serue to grace me is,
That it can *Cæsars* secret plots discouer
What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then poore Beautie thou hast done thy last,
And best good seruice thou could'st do vnto me.
For now the time of death reueal'd thou hast,
Which in my life didst seme but to vndoe me.
Heere *Dolabella* sat forsooth in loue,
Writes how that *Cæsar* meanes forthwith, to send
Both me and mine, th'ayre of Rome to proue:
There his Triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue and leuer,
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for th'other, I must die his debter,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.
But hauing leaue, I must go take my leaue
And last farewell of my dead *Anthonie*:
Whose deerly honour'd tombe must here receiue
This sacrifice, the last before I die.
O sacred euer-memorable stone,
That hast without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'st mone
That euer yet from sad affliction came.
And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue,
(The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'st liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.

Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile:
Sleepe quiet in this euer-lasting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your soile,
And O, if that the sp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies: and do neuer die,
Then heare thy ghost, thy captiue spouse complaine,
And be attentiue to her miserie.
But if that labourſome mortallitie
Found this sweete error, onely to confine
The curious search of idle vanitie,
That would the deapth of darknesse vndermine:
Or rather to giue rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of those conceiued fields whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds annoy:
Then do I speake but onely to the ayre:
But tis not so, my *Anthonie* doth heare:
His euer-liuing ghost attends my prayer,
And I do know his houering spirite is neere.
And I will speake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall loue that daign'st to heare:
I feele thou answer'st my credulitie
With touch of comfort, finding none elsewhere.
Thou know'st these hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now must seruile be,
Reserv'd for bands to grace proud *Cæsars* state,
Who seekes in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not seuered be,
Shall death diuide our bodies now asunder?
Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,

Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes wonder?
If any powres be there whereas thou art,
(Sith our owne cuntry gods betray our caſe,)
O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To ſaue thy wofull wife from ſuch diſgrace.
Do not permit ſhe ſhould in triumph ſhew
The bluſh of her reproach, ioyn'd with thy ſhame
But (rather) let that hateſull tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the ſame.
But what do I ſpend breath and ydle winde.
In vaine inuoking a conceiued ayde?
Why do I not my ſelfe occaſion finde
To breake the bounds wherein my ſelfe am ſtaide?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whoſe melting hearts compoſd of baſer frame,
Can to their ſorrows, time and leaſure giue,
But *Cleopatra* may not do the ſame.
No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more:
A lingring death, with thee deſerues no merite,
I muſt my ſelfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and ſo vnhouſe my ſpirit.
Theſe hands muſt breake the priſon of my ſoule
To come to thee, there to enioy like ſtate,
As doth the long-pent ſolitary Foule,
That hath eſcapt her cage, and found her mate,
This ſacrifice to ſacrifize my life,
Is that true incenſe that dooth beſt beſeeme?
Theſe rites may ſerue a life-deſiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.
My-hart-bloud ſhould the purple flowers haue beene,
Which heere vpon thy Tombe to thee are offred.

No smoake but dying breath should here bin seene,
And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.
But what haue I saue these bare silly hands?
And these weake fingers are not iron-poynted:
They cannot pierce with them which stands
And I of all meanes else am disapointed.
But yet I must some way endeuour how
To come vnto thee, whatsoere I do.
O Death, art thou so hard to come by now,
That we must pray, intreate, and seeke thee too?
But I will finde thee whersoere thou lie,
For who can stay a minde resolu'd to die?
And now I go to worke the effect indeed,
Ile neuer send more words or sighes to thee:
Ile bring my soule my selfe, and that with speede,
My selfe will bring my soule to *Antony*.
Come go my maides, my fortunes sole attenders,
That minister to misery and sorrow:
Your Mistris you vnto your freedome renders.
And Will discharge your charge yet ere to morrow.
And now by this, I thinke the man I sent,
Is neere returnd that brings me my dispatch.
God grant his cunning fort to good euent,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
So shall I shun disgrace, leaue to be sorry,
Flie to my loue, scape my foe, free my soule;
So shall I act the last of life with glory,
Die like a Queene, and rest without controule. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

MIsterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
Strict Religious strange obserner,
State-ordrer zeale, the best rule-keeper,
Fostring still in temp'rate fernor:
O how cam'st thou to lose so wholy
all religion, law and order?
And thus become the most vnholy
of all Lands, that Nylus border?
How could confus'd Disorder enter
where sterne Law sate so severely?
How durst weake lust and riot venter
th'eye of Iustice looking severely?
Could not those meanes that made thee great
Be still the meanes to keepe thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That stayd continuance man desireth,
th'vnconstant world yeeldeth neuer.
We in our counsels must be blinded,
And not see what doth import vs:
And often times the thing least minded
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should prevent it,
Who when they see their Country sliding,
for their private are contented.

We imiiate the greater powers,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Th'example of their light regarding
vulgar loosenesse much incenses:
Vice uncontrould, growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults be great offences.
And this hath set the windowe open
vnto licence, lust, and riot:
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet,
Those lawes that olde Sesostris founded,
and the Ptolomies observed.
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.
The wanton luxurie of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting private pleasure,)
vniuersally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting,
And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter
Made thus so generall neglecting,
confus'd weakenesse to discatter?)
Cæsar found th'effect true tried,
in his easie entrance making:
Who at the sight of armes descryed
all our people, all forsaking.
For yet (worse then warre) so fare

Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egypt seruile rendred
to the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure rendred,
all her wealth that did betray her,
Which poison (O if heauen be rightfull,)
may so farre infect their sences,
That Egypts pleasures so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be instructed in our vices:
That our spoiles may spoile your greatnes,
ouercome with our deuises.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Dolabella. Titius.

Dol. COme tell me *Titius* eu'ry circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes:
Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenance,
That she did in my Letters reading, vse.

Tit. I shall my Lord, so farre as I could note,
Or my conceit obserue in any wise.
It was the time when as she hauing got
Leaue to her Deerest dead to sacrifice;
And now was issuing out the monument

With

With odors, incense, garlands in her hand,
When I approacht as one from *Cæsar* sent,)
And did her close, thy message t'understand.
She turnes her backe, and with her rakes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt for tale:
And reades, and smiles, and staies, and doth begin
Againe to read, then blusht, and then was pale.
And hauing ended with a figh, refoldes
Thy Letter vp: and with a fixed eye,
(Which fled that her imagination holds)
She mus'd a while, standing confusedly:
At length. Ah friend, saith she) tell thy good Lord,
How deere I hold his pitying of my case:
That out of his sweete nature can afford
A miserable woman so much grace.
Tell him how much my heauy soule doth grieue:
Mercilesse *Cæsar* should so deale with me:
Pray him that he would all the ods forgiue,
That might diuert him from such cruelty.
As for my loue, say *Antony* hath all,
Say that my hart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom is rest and quiet shall:
I haue it not my selfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he shall more command of me
Then any, whosoeuer liuing can,
Hee that so friendly shewes himself to be
A right kinde Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nacion (fatall vnto me)
Haue had mine age a spoile, my youth a pray,
Yet his affection must accepted be,
That fauours one distrest in her decay.

Ah he was worthy then to haue been lou'd,
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lasted;
Before she had declining fortune prou'd,
Or seen her honour wrackt, her flowre thus blasted.
Now there is nothing left her but disgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can moue,
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her case,
(Poore soule) needs rather pity now then loue.
But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of me,
And ending so her speech, no longer stai'd,
But hasted to the tombe of *Antonie*,
And this was all she did, and all she said.

Dol. Ah sweete distressed Lady. What hard hart
Could chuse but pity thee, and loue thee too?
Thy worthines, the state where in thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to doo.
Although ambition lets not *Cæsar* see
The wrong he doth thy majesty and sweetnesse.
Which makes him now exact so much of thee,
To adde vnto himselfe to grace his greatnesse,
He knowes thou canst no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy strength is seizd into our hands:
Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
He might shew Rome so great a Queene in bands:
That our great Ladies (enuying thee so much
That stain'd them all, and held them in such wonder,)
Might ioy to see thee, and thy fortune such,
There by extolling him that brought thee vnder,
But I will seeke to stay it what I may;
I am but one, yet one that *Cæsar* loues,
And O if now I could do more then pray,

Then

Then should'st thou know how farre affection moues,
But what my powre and prayer may prevalle,
Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy disgrace:
And euen this present day I will not faile
To doe my best with *Cæsar* in this case.

Tit. And sir, euen now herselfe hath letters sent,
I met her messenger as I came hither,
With a dispatch as he to *Cæsar* went,
But know not what imports her sending thither.
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from sacrifice. How richly clad
Was seru'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,
With all the braue'st ornaments she had.
How hauing din'd, she writes, and sends away
Him strait to *Cæsar*, and commanded than
All should depart the Toombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, and one Poore countriman.

Dol. Why then I know she sends t'haue audience now,
And meanes t'experience what her state can do.
To see if maiestie will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him too.
And O, if now she could but bring a view
Of that fresh beauty she in youth possest
(The argument wherewith she ouerthrew
The wit of *Iulius Cæsar*, and the rest,)
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilst powreful Loue, (farre stronger then ambition)
Might worke in him, a minde to be content
To condescend vnto her small petition
But being as she is, yet doth she merite
To be respected for her hauing been,

The

The wonder of her kinde, of so rare spirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
And now, but by a little weakenesse falling
To do that which perhaps sh'was forst to do:
Alas, an errour past, is past recalling,
Take away weakenesse, and take women too.
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweete *Cleopatra*, now lle vse mine arte.
Thy presence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my hart.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Nuntius.

AM I ordain'd the carefull Messenger,
And sad newes-bringer of the strangest death,
Which selfe hand did vpon it selfe inferre,
To free a captiue soule from seruile breath?
Must I the lamentable wonder shew,
Which all the world may grieue and marueil at?
The rarest forme of death on earth below,
That euer pitty, glory, wonder gat.

Cho. What newes bringst thou, can Egipt yet yeeld
Of sorrow than it hath? what can it adde (more,
Vnto th'already ouerflowing store
Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad?
Haue we not seene our worst calamity?
Is there behind yet something of distresse
Vnknowne? if there be greater misery
Relate it, that we do not waile the lesse.

Tell

Tell vs what so it be, and tell it first,
For sorrow euer longs to heare her worst.
Nu. Well then, the strangest thing relate I will,
That euer eye of mortall man hath seene.
I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue still
Attended on the person of the Queene;
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefest trust haue beene.
And now in these so great extremities,
That euer could to maiesty befall,
I did my best in what I could deuise,
And left her not, till now she left vs all.
Cho. What is she gone. Hath *Cæsar* forst her so?
Nun. Yea, she is gone, and hath deceiu'd him too.
Cho. What, fled to *Indie*, to go find her sonne?
Nun. No, not to *Indie*, but to finde her sonne.
Cho. Why then there's hope she may her state recouer
Nun. Her state? nay rather honour, and her Louer.
Cho. Her Louer? him she cannot haue againe.
Nun. Wel, him she hath, with him she doth remaine
Cho. Why then she's dead If so, why speakst not thou
Nun. You gesse aright, and I will tell you how.
When she perceiu'd all hope was cleane bereft,
That *Cæsar* meant to send her straite away,
And saw no meanes of reconcilement left,
Worke what she could she could not worke to stay:
She calls me to her, and she thus began.
O thou, whose truth hath euer beene the same,
And one in all my fortunes faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend disgrace and shame.
Thou, whom the fea. efull ruine of my fall,

Neuer

Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie:
As did those others smooth-state-pleasers all,
Who followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou must do a seruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy faith and skill must do their best:
Thy honest care and duty shal be seene,
Performing this, more then in all the rest.
For all what thou hast done, may die with thee,
Although tis pitty that such faith should die.
But this shall euermore remembred be,
A rare example to posterity.
And looke how long as *Cleopatra* shall
In after ages liue in memory.
So long shall thy cleere fame endure withall,
And therefore thou must not my sute deny
Nor contradict my will. For what I will
I am resolu'd: and this now must it be:
Go find me out with all thy art and skill
Two Aspicks, and conuay them close to me.
I haue a worke to do with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou shalt soone see what.
If th'heauens do not my disseigns withstand,
But do thy charge, and let me shift with that.
Being thus coniur'd by her t'whom I had vow'd
My true perpetuall seruice, forth I went,
Deuising how my close attempt to shrowde,
So that there might no art my art preuent.
And so disguisd in habite as you see,
Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
I soone return'd againe, and brought with me
The Aspicks, in a basket closely pent.

Which

Which I had filld with Figges, and leaues vpon,
And comming to the guard that kept the dore,
What hast thou there? (said they, and look't thereon.
Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,
But said, they were the fayrest they had seene.
Taste some, said I, for they are good and pleasant.
No, no, said they, go beare them to thy Queene,
Thinking me some poore man that brought a present.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
Glittering in all her pompous rich aray,
Great *Cleopatra* sate, as if sh'had wonne
Cæsar, and all the world beside this day:
Euen as she was when on thy cristall streames,
Cleere *Cydnos* she did shew what earth could shew.
When *Asia* all ama'zd in wonder deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as she went at first to meet her Loue,
So goes she now at last againe to find him.
But that first, did her greatnesse onely proue,
This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as she sate, the doubt of my good speed,
Detracts much from the sweetnesse of her looke:
Cheere-marrer Care, did then such passions breed,
That made her eye bewray the griefe she tooke.
But she no sooner sees me in the place,
But strait her sorrow-clouded brow she cleeres,
Lightning a smile from out a stormie face.
Which all her tempest-beaten sences cheeres.
Looke how a strayed perplexed traueller,
When chasd by theeues, and euen at point of sinking,
Descrying sodainly some towne not far,

Or some vnlookt for aide to him-warde making;
Cheeres vp his tyred sprites, thrusts forth his strength
To meete that good, that comes in so good houre:
Such was her ioy perceiuing now at length,
Her honour was t'escape so proud a power.
Forth from her seate she hastes to meete the prese,
And as one ouer-ioy'd, she caught it strait.
And with a smiling cheere in action pleasant,
Looking among the figs, findes the deceit.
And seeing there the vgly venemous beast,
Nothing dismaid, she sayes and views it well,
At length th'extreameſt of her passion ceast,
When she began with words her ioy to tell.
O rareſt beast (saith she) that Affrick breeds,
How deerely welcome art thou vnto me?
The feateſt creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
Me thinks I see, in now beholding thee.
What though the euer-erring world doth deeme
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in spight?
Little they know what they of light esteeme,
That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.
Better then Death, Deaths office thou dischargeſt.
That with one gentle touch canſt free our breaths
And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargeſt,
Making our selues not priuy to our death,
If Nature err'd, O then how happy error,
Thinking to make thee worſt, she made the beſt:
Sith thou beſt freeſt vs from our liues worſt terror,
In sweetly bringing soules to quiet reſt.
When that inexorable Monster Death
That follows Fortune, flies the poore distreſſed.

Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,
And loads with paines th'already weake oppressed,
How oft haue I begg'd, praid, intreated him
To take my life, which he would neuer do,
And when he comes, he coms so vgly grim,
Attended on with hidious torments to,
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe,
That open canst with such an easie key
The doore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe,
That from our selues so steal'st our selues away,
Well did our Priests discerne somthing diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did
Offrings and worships due to thee assigne,
In whom they found such mysteries were hid.
Comparing thy swift motion to the Sunne,
That mou'st without the instruments that mouez
And neuer waxing old, but alwayes one,
Doost therein a diuinity approue.
And therefore too, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offring of my bloud,
Calamity confirming now in me
A sure belief that piety makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous,
And only the afflicted are religious.
And here I sacrifice these armes to Death,
That Lust late dedicated to Delights:
Offring vp for my last, this last of breath,
The complement of my loues dearest rites,
With that she bares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
And seeming more to speake, occasion takes,

Willing

Willing to die, and willing too to pause.
Looke how a mother at her sonnes departing
For some farre voyage bent to get him fame,
Doth entertaine him with an idle parling
And still doth speake, and still speakes but the same;
Now bids farewell, and now recalles him backe,
Tells what was told, and bids againe farewell,
And yet againe recalles; for still doth lacke
Something that Loue would faine and cannot tell.
Pleas'd he should go, yet cannot let him go.
So she, although she knew there was no way
But this, yet this she could not handle so
But she must shew that life desir'd delay.
Faine would she entertaine the time as now,
And now would faine that Death would seize vpõ her,
Whilst I might see presented in her brow,
The doubtfull combate tride twixt Life and Honor.
Life bringing Legions of fresh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the proofe of time, which yeeldes we say
Comfort and helpe, to such as doe referre
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honour scorning Life, loe forth leades hee
Cleere Immortalitie arm'd all in flames:
Through whose bright shining rayes of glory, she
Might see how base was life that her defames.
Besides she saw whole armies of reproches,
And base Disgraces, Furies fearfull, sad,
Marching therewith, and Shame that still incroches
Vpon her face, in blushing colours clad.
Which representments seeing, farre worse then death
Shee deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore chose

To render all to Honour, heart and breath?
And that with speede least shee her inward foes
False flesh and bloud, joyning with life and hope,
Should mutinie against her resolution,
And to the end she would not giue them scope,
Shee presently proceeds to th'execution.
And sharpely blaming of her rebell powres,
False flesh (saith she) and what dost thou conspire
With *Cæsar* too as thou were none of ours,
To worke my shame, and hinder my desire?
Wilt thou retaine in closure of thy vaines
That enemy base life, to let my good?
No, know there is a greater powre constraines
Then can be counterchekt with teare-full blood.
For to the minde that's great, nothing seemes great,
And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,
What doe I lose, that haue but life to lose?
This having said, strengthned in her owne hart,
And vnion of her selfe, sences in one
Charging together, she performes that part
That hath so great a part of glory wonne,
And so receiues the deadly poys'ning ayre
That touch that tride the gold of her loue, pure,
And hath confirm'd her honour to be such,
As must a wonder to all worlds endure.
Now not an yeelding shrinke or touch of feare,
Consented to bewray least sence of paine:
But still in one same sweete vnaltred cheere,
Her honour did her dying thoughts retaine.
Well, now this worke is done (saith she) heere ends

This act of life, that part the Fates assign'd:
What glory of disgraces this world lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And now ô earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnesse I die vnsorst.
Witnesse my soule partes free to *Antony*,
And now prowde Tyrant *Cæsar* do thy worst.
This said, she staies, and makes a sodaine pause,
As if to seele whether the poyson wrought:
Or rather else the working might be cause
That made her stay, and incertain'd her thought.
For in that instant I might well perceiue
The drowsie humour in her falling brow:
And how each powre, each part oppresst did leaue
Their former office, and did senceleſſe grow.
Looke how a new pluckt branch against the Sunne,
Declines his fading leaues in feeble sort;
So her disioyned ioyntures as vndone,
Let fall her weake dissolued limbes support.
Yet loe that face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Colour so liuely, cheere so louely rise,
That none would think such beauty could wāt breath.
And in that cheere th'impression of a smile,
Did seeme to shew she scorned Death and *Cæsar*,
As glorying that she could them both beguile,
And telling Death how much her death did please her
Wonder it was to see how soone she went,
She went with such a will, and did so haste it,
That sure I thinke shee did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or staying not to taste it.

And

And senceleſſe; in her ſmicking downe ſhe writes
The Diademe which on her head ſhe wore,
Which *Charmion*(poore weake feeble maid)eſpies,
And haſtes to right it as it was before.
For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too
Euen at the point, for both would immitate
Their Miſtreſſe glory, ſtriuing like to doo.
But *Charmion* would in this exceed her mate,
For ſhe would haue this honour to be laſt,
That ſhould adorne that head that muſt be ſeene
To weare that Crowne in death, which life held faſt,
That all the world might know ſhe dide a Queene,
And as ſhe ſtood ſetting it ſtidy on,
Loe, in ruſh *Ceſars* meſſengers in haſte,
Thinking to haue preuented what was done.
But yet they came too late, for all was paſt.
For there they found ſtretcht on a bed of gold,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that prowdly dead,
In all the rich attire procure ſhe could,
And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head,
And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like caſe.
Charmion, is this well done? ſaid one of them.
Yea, well ſaid ſhe, and her that from the race
Of ſo great Kings deſcends, doth beſt become.
And with that word, yeelds to her faith full breath,
To paſſe th'aſſurance of her loue with death.

Cho. But how knew *Ceſar* of her cloſe intent?

Nun. By Letters which before to him ſhe ſent.
For when ſhe had procur'd this meanes to die,
She writes, and earneſtly intreates, ſhe might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.

Whereby then *Cæsar* gess'd all went not right,
And forthwith sends, yet ere the message came
She was dispatcht, he croft in his intent.
Her prouidence had ordred so the same,
That she was sure none should her plot preuent.

CHORVS.

THen thus we haue beheld
Th' accomplishment of woes
The full of ruine and
The worst of worst of ills:
And seene all hope expeld,
That euer sweete repose
Shall repossesse the Land,
That Desolation fills,
And where Ambition spills
With vncontrouled hand,
All th'issue of all those
That so long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canst O Nylus *thou,*
Father of floods indure,
That yellow Tybet *should*
With sandy streames rule thee?
Wilt thou be plead'd to bow
To him those feete so pure,
Whose vnknowne head we hold
A powre diuine to be?
Thou that didst euer see

Thy free bankes vncontrould,
Line vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeeld thy streames
A prey to other Reames?

Draw backe thy waters flo
To thy concealed head:
Rockes strangle vp thy wanes,
Stop Cataracts thy fall.
And turne thy courses so,
That sandy Desarts dead,
(The world of dust that craues
To swallow thee vp all,
May drinke so much as shall
Reuiue from vastie graues
A lining greene which spred
Far florishing, may gro
On that wide face of Death,
Where nothing now draweth breath.

Fatten some people there,
Euen as thou vs hast done,
With plenties wanton sture,
And feeble luxurie:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Respected not before.
Leane lewell'd Egypt drie,
A barren prey to lie,
Wasted for euer-more,
Of plenties yeelding none

To recompence the care
Of Villers greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possesse
Th'inheritance of shame,
The fee of sinne, that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoake of whose distresse
Must still vpbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came,
Our weight of wantonnesse
Lies heauie on their hart,
Who neuer-more shall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought vs forth.

O thou all-seeing light,
High President of heauen,
Tou magistrates the starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence *and* Right
Are these the bounds y'haue giuen
Th'vntransp assable barres,
That limit pride so stoort,
Is greatnesse of this sort,
That greatnesse greatnesse marres,
And wracks it selfe, selfe driuen
On Rocks of her owne might?
Doth Order order so
Disorders euer-throw?

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT of ROSAMOND.

OVT from the horrors of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghoſt comes heere to plaine it,
Attended with my ſhame that neuer ſleepes,
The ſpot wherewith my kinde & youth did ſtaine it,
My body found a graue where to containe it,
A ſheete could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoule is now denied
Her tranſport to the ſweet Elyſian reſt,
The ioyfull bliſſe for ghoſts repurified,
The euer-ſpringing Gardens of the bleſt,
Cerus denies me paſſage with the reſt,
And ſaies, my ſoule can neuer paſſe the Riuer,
Till Louers ſighes on earth ſhall it deliuer.

So ſhall I neuer paſſe; for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the liuing?
Time hath long ſince worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and Iues vniuſt depriuing.
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing:
Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd for time hath wrong'd the ſame.

No muse, suggests the pitty of my case,
Each pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
Whilst others are preferd, though far more base;
Shores wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint,
Her wel-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is plac'd, and I am left behinde.

Which seene with griefe, my miserable ghost,
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile,
Which whilst it liu'd, was honored of the most,
And being dead giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to solicite thee, (since others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull song
To forme my case, and regester my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toyld in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maist effect me of mine the lesse:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse,
Thy loyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our story.
And offer vp her figh among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best.
Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleste the dead.

So I (through beauty) made the wofullſt wight,
By beauty might haue comfort after death:
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Find life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath.
She that can bleſſe vs with one happy breath,
Gine comfort to thy Muſe to do her beſt,
That thereby thou mayſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty, (which my ſelfe could neuer find,)
What ſhe deſir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldely tell her minde.
And I (more willing) tooke this charge aſſign'd,
Becauſe her griefs were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my ſlipry ſtate,
Of all my life reuoile the ſimple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailty, tell how Fate
Keeps in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know hers is forbidden.

For Whilſt the Sun-ſhine of my fortune laſted,
I ioy'd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heauen
That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,
I had what glory euer fleſh could gaine:
But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet,
Diſgrace dark'ned honor, ſinne did cloud my brow:
As note the ſequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The

The bloud I staind, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and Fortune ioin'd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concurd to make me happy suit,
That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happy liu'd I whilst parents eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble wayes,
And country home kept me from being eide,
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest dayes:
Till that my friends mine honor sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credite yeelded,
Deeming such beauty was vnfit for feelde.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes:
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the flowre which honour keepes,
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes;
Ay me (poore wench) on that vnhappy shelfe,
I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

There whereas fraile and tender Beauty stands,
With all assaulting powres inuironed;
Hauing but prayers and weake feeble hands
To hold their honors Fort vnvanquished;
There where to stand, and be vnconquered,
Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde,
That cannot long for pitty be vnkinde.

For

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
With rarest proofe of beauty euer seene:
When my reuluing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And floure affections whereas none had beene;
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eies.

For age I saw, (though yeeres with cold conceit
Congeald their thoughts against a warme defire,)
Yet figh their want, and looke at fuch a bait,
I faw how youth was wont before the fire,
I faw by ftealth, I learn'd my looke a lyre,
Yet well perceiued, how Fortune made the glaſſe
The enuy of my ſexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it:
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it:
So did my ſpeech when Rubies did vnfold it,
So did the blaſing of my beauty appeare,
To amaze the world, that holds ſuch rights to deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweete ſilent rhetorique of perſwading eyes,
Dombe eloquence, whoſe power doth moue the blood
More then the words, or wiſdome of the wiſe:
Still harmony, whoſe diapaſon lies
Within a browe, the key which paſſions moue,
To ruinish ſence, and play a world in loue.

What

What might I then not do whose powre was such?
What cannot women do that knowe their powre?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilst nature deckes them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke:
That new-found shame a stone to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke.
Vile staine to honour, and to women seke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impiety of times, Chastities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe denieste:
Treason to counterfet the seale of Nature,
The stampe of heaven, impressed by the hieste.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lieste,
Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wife,
And all that honour their idolatrise.

Farre was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest.
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
These were the weapons which mine honour won.
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne.

Which

Which were not fmale, I wrought on no meane object,
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obeyd me,
Whom Fortune made my King, Loue made my fubiect,
Who did command the Land, moft humbly praid me.
Harry the fecond, that fo highly wegh'd me,
Found wel (by proofe) the priuiledge of beauty,
That is had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in *France*,
And all the triumphs of his honor wonne:
Vnmatcht; by fword, was vanquifht by a glance,
And hotter warres within his breaft begunne.
Warres, whom whole legions of defires drew on:
Againft all which, my chaftity contends
With force of honour, which my fhame defends.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Tranfpearcing taies of criftall poynted eyes:
No ftratagem, no reafon could amend,
No not his age; (yet olde men fhould be wife.)
But fhews deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for feeming fo, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue fucke their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obeyd his hand-maide of fo meane eftate:
Valiant Ambicion feeding on his liuer,
Age hating worne his pleafures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.
For fuch a dainty which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a lot.

Ah

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good,
For that some crosse still counter-checks our luck:
As heere behold th'incomparible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck:
Whose lothing, we from natures brests do suck,
As opposite to what our bloud requires,
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careles what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the'are old:
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune so forget so farre
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiesty, whereon his state relies:
And now of loues, and pleasures must deuise.
For thus remu'd againe he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chast desires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repelld an vnchaste louer.
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I lesser prizd then Chastities attires.
Th'vnstayned valle, which innocents adornes,
Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And

And safe mine honour stoode, till that in truth,
One of my sexe, of place, and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habite of our frailty clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weaknesse had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull monster,
As by her wordes the chaster sort may conster.

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and Age could cunningly deuise,
Throne authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnd her how to subtelise.
Both were enough to circumuent the wise.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she) behold thy happy chance,
That hast the loe cast downe into thy lap.
Whereby thou maist thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selfe against thine owne good fortune,
That poynts thee out, and seemes thee to importune.

Doost thou not see, how that thy King (thy loue)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate:
And showtes downe golde and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou

Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwaies florish,
And that thy beautie will be still admired:
But that those rales which all these flames do nourish,
Cancel'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will scorne what now is so desired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow;
I haue beene faire (I must confesse the truth)
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou hast yeeres, and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great seale:
Besides, the lawe of Nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
Esteeme not Fame more then thou doost thy weale,
Fame (whereof the world seems to make such choice)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honour bound vs,
In th'imaginarie listes of reputation?
Titles which cold seuerity hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Ages opinion, Customes out-worne fashion,
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the faire,
To leaue the sweete, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceaued,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne
And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

The subtile Citty-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chast enough that best seeme so:
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewrayes not what their bodyes do;
Tis warie walking that doth safeliest go.
With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & me with shows.

Then vse thy tallent youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
And seeme the chast, which is the chiefest arte,
For what we seeme each see, none knows our hart.

The mighty, who can with such sinnes dispence,
In steed of shame do honors great bestow:
A worthy Author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the scarlet sinne as white as snow,
The Maiestie that doth descend so low,
Is not defilde but pure remaines therein,
And being sacred, sanctifies the sinne.

What, dooſt thou ſtand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleaſures want ſhall be ſupplide with gold,
Cold age dotes moſt when heate of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with ſuch a one.
Alluring ſhewes moſt deepe impreſſion ſtrikes
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt, ſhe leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combate in my blood,
See'ing my weake youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reaſons ſtood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Againſt ſuch powers which were ſo ſurely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull Maid.

Treaſon was in my bones, my ſelfe conſpiring,
To ſell my ſelfe to luſt, my ſoule to ſin:
Pure-bluſhing ſhame was euen vpon retiring,
Leauing the ſacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay proſtrate for my fleſh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakneſſe gan vpbray
Againſt my ſelfe, and ſhame did force me ſay;

Ah *Roſamond*, what doth thy fleſh prepare?
Deſtruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame,
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T'entombe with black reproch a ſpotted name?
Leauing thy bluſhy the colours of thy ſhame?
Opening thy feete to ſinne, thy ſoule to luſt,
Graceleſſe to lay thy glory in the duſt?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed;
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wisht longer to enioy the aire,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of chastitie:
Longer then thou preseru'st thy soule as faire
As is thy face, free from impunitie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eye,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what? he is my King and may constraine me,
Whether I yeelde or not, I liue diffamed.
The world will thinke authoritie did gaine me,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.
We see the faire condem'nd, that neuer gamed,
And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy maide,)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote, may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeares cannot resolue this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
But (in despite) some scandale will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way:
Whereat my retchlesse youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the gole, the glory, and the day.
Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vie the vertue of mine eies,
For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I traind from Court,
T'a solitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King should thither make resort,
Where he Loues long-desired worke should end.
Thither he daily messages doth send,
With costly Iewels (Orators of Loue,)
Which (ah too well men know) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought;
So rare, that Arte did seeme to striue with Nature,
T'expresse the cunning worke-mens curious thought:
The mysterie whereof I prying sought,
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

Amymone

Anymone, old *Danaus* faireſt Daughter,
As ſhe was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtrugled to be gone,
Beating the ayre with cries and piteous mone:
But all in vaine, with him ſhe's forc'd to go,
Tis ſhame that men ſhould vſe poore maidens ſo.

There might I ſee deſcribed how ſhe lay,
At thoſe proud feet, not ſatisfide with prayer:
Wayling her heauy hap, curſing the day,
In act ſo pitious to expreſſe deſpaire,
And by how much more grieu'd, ſo much more faire.
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull gerle,)
Did ſeeme againſt the Sunne chriſtall and pearle.

Whoſe pure cleere ſtreams, (which lo ſo faire appears)
Wrought hotter flames, (O miracle of loue.)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue;
To ſhew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing viewd, and therewith ſomething moued,
Figured I find within the other ſquares,
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
In her affliction how ſhe ſtrangely fares.
Strangely diſtreſs'd (O beautie, bome to cares,)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwayes in danger of her hateſull ſpies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powres,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnesse the world, wherein is nothing tiser,
Then miseries vnkend before they come:
Who can the characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome?
Which though perhaps haue beene reueald to some,
Yet that so doubtfull, (as successe did prove them,)
That me must know they haue the heu'ns aboue th

I saw the sinne wherein my foot was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was venting,
Yet had I not the vertue to defend it.
So weake is sence when error hath condemn'd it.
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of illnesse,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stillnesse,
And dreadfull black had dispossess'd the cleere,
Com'd was the night, (mother of sleepe and feare:)
Who with her sable-mantle friendly couers,
The sweet-stolne sports, of loy full meeting Louers.

When

When loe, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of luſt moſt vndeſired:
Enforc'd th'vnproued bitter ſweet to proue,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleaſure when tis hired.
Loue's not conſtrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
VVhat tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But ſoone his age receiu'd his ſhort contenting,
And ſleepe ſeald vp his languiſhing deſires:
VVhen he turnes to his reſt, I to repenting,
Into my ſelfe my waking thought retires;
My nakednes had prou'd my ſences liers.
Now op'ned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For firſt we taſte the fruit, then ſee our ſin.

Now did I find my ſelfe vnparadis'd,
From thoſe pure fields of my ſo cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My fleſh gan loathe the new-felt touch of ſinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at firſt winning.
For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vſe of ſinne doth make it ſeeme as nothing.

And vſe of ſinne did worke in me a boldneſſe,
And loue in him, incorporates ſuch zeale,
That iealouſie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to looſe the ioy of all his weale,
Or doubting time his ſtealth might elſe reueale,
H'is driuen to deuiſe ſome ſubtill way,
How he might ſafeſt keepe ſo rich a pray.

A ſtately Pallace he forthwith did build,
Whoſe intricate innumerable wayes,
With ſuch confuſed errors ſo beguild
Th'vnguided entrers with vncertaine ſtrayes,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
With bootleſſe labour leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the cloſed boſome of which frame,
That ſeru'd a Centre to that goodly Round:
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the ſame,
With ſweeteſt flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleaſures that delight hath found,
T'intertaine the ſence of wanton eies,
Fuel of loue, from whence luſts flame ariſe.

Heere I inclos'd from all the world aſunder,
The Minotaure of ſhame kept for diſgrace,
The Monſter of miſfortune th'ages wonder,
Liu'd cloiſtred in ſo deſolate a caſe:
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
And he himſelfe came guided by a threed.

O Iealouſie, daughter of Hate and Loue,
Moſt wayward iſſue of a gentle ſire;
Foſtred with feares thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monſter borne a ſubtile lier;
Hateſull vnto thy ſelfe, flying thine owne deſire:
Feeding vpon ſuſpect that doth renue thee,
Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou

Thou hast a thousand gates thou entrest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our harts:
Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer-waking Spie.
Pale Hagge, infernall Fury, pleasures smart,
Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part:
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare,)
Him of content, and me of liberty:
The onely good that women holde so deere,
And turnst my freedome to captiuity,
First made a prisoner ere an enemy.
Enioynd the ransome of my bodyes shame,
Which though I paide, could not redeeme the fame.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beautie if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd?
And though admir'd vnlesse in loue desir'd?
Neuer were cheekes of Roses, lockes of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created Beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sunne for light:)
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due
By ancient Charter, to liue most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort,
For Beauty will be where is most resort.

Winds

Witnes the faireſt ſtreetes that Thames doth viſite,
The wondrous concourſe of the glitt'ring Faire:
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The ſolitary Country may not ſtay her.
Here is the centre of all Beautyes beſt,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the Weſt.

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate Beauty gloriouſly atrired,
And heerein all our chiefeſt glory lies,
To liue where we are prais'd and moſt deſired.
O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whilſt niggardly our fauours we diſcouer.
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot had neuer mou'd
From country ſafetie, from the fieldes of reſt:
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happy for me, better had I beene bleſt,
If I vnluckily had neuer ſtraide,
But liu'd at home a happy country maide,

Whoſe vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer:
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where ſhe drinks
Doth ſerue her for her glaſſe, her councell giuer:
She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.
Her daies are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath.
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

So should I never haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate:
Nor had my name enrold with Maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my vnhappy fate,)
This lesson (which my selfe learnt with expence)
How most it hurts that most delights the sence.

Shame follows sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impiety will out, neuer so closely done:
No walls can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun;
Forth breakes reproch when we least think thereon,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller:
Abroad reuealing what is most forbidden:
Of truth and falshod both an equall teller.
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.
The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vt'ring secret thinges.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong:
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The

The Laberinth she entred by that threed.
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Lest there by chance, reserv'd for such a deed,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Offring me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelpe,
Runnes fiercely raging through the woods astray:
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Doth furiously assault what's in her way.
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray;)
So fell she on me in outragious wise,
As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vsde,
She forc'd me take the poison shee had brought,
To end the life that had her so abusde,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought,
No cruelty her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No spitefull act that to Reuenge is common;
No beast being fiercer then a iealous woman.

Here take (saith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base graceless strumpet, take this next your heart;
Your loue-sicke heart, that ouer charg'd hath beene
With Pleasures surfeit, must be purg'd with Arte.
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To naught, those humors that oppresse you so.
And (Gentle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

What

What stand you now amaz'd retire you backe?
Tremble you (minion?) come dispatch with speed;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lack.
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed:
Those daynty fingers needs must do the deed,
Take it or I will drench you els by force,
And trifle not, lest that I vse you worse.

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast:
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last:
All hope of pitty and of comfort past.
No meanes, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling handes must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had been,
They must giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in therear,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But foorth she rushes, (proud with victory,)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me,
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)
To whom she did her full reuenge refer.
Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sinne,
T'appeare before me, in a hidious face;
Now doth the terrour of my soule beginne,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueals disgrace:
Whilst I remaine oppreſt in euery part,
Death in my body, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in euidence
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed sence,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence.
Must heere the right of heauen needes satisfie,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard mishap,
My suddaine, strange vnlookt for misery.
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamy.
And poore distressed *Rosamond* (said I,)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Dezarts, where no care can heare thee mourne?

Nor any eye of pitty to behold
The wofull end of thy sad tragedy,
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,
Must heere in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse togither die.
Thy sin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

To

Yet breath out to these walls the breath of mone,
Tell th'aire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griefe where with thy soule doth swell.
And let thy heart pitty thy hearts remorse,
And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Didst glorious liue, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from succor hither led,
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eie the starre of thy ill fate.
Making thy face the foe to spoile the rest?
O Beauty, thou an enemie profest
To Chastity and vs that loue thee most,
Without thee how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost?

You, you that prowde with liberty and beautie,
(And well may you be proude that you be so,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of duetie;
Would God I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your feete in cleanly paths of shame,
That no inticing may diuert the same.

See'ng

See'ng how against your tender weaknes still,
The strength of wit, of gold, and all is bent:
And all th'assaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent:
Ah let not greatnesse worke you to consent.
The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge what God forbade.

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame:
And let no powers haue powre chaste thoughts to (moue
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
In those pure wayes that leade to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honour and nought beside:
Whilst married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre;
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime;
Or wither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilst those decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd.
(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?)

Fallet

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
Least this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And cloude with infamie your beauties shine:
Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
The treasurie that's vnpossest of any:
And hard tis kept that is desir'd of many.

And flie (O flie) these Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The monsters of our sexe, that make a pray
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane;
And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way
Through th'woombe of their own shame, accursed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,
The filth of lust, vncleannesse wallowes in.

As if t'were not enough that we (poore we)
Haue weakenesse, beautie, golde, and then our foes,
But we must haue some of our selues to be
Traitors vnto our selues, to ioyne with those?
Such as our feeble forces doe disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes.
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight:
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkenesse, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, diuels, that do inuite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we be.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
(In credit by the trust of yeares,) can shoe
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The faire and wily wantons how they goe,
Hauing (youth lothsome selues) your youth spent so.
And in vncleannes euer haue beene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you, haue beene the innocent betraid,
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maide,
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin:
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.
Confus'd our race, and falsi-fied our blood,
Whilst fathers sonnes possesse wrong Fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vttred then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd with Conscience pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
Though I could wish (by th'example of my will,)
I had not left this note vnto the faire,
But dyde intestate to haue had no heire.

But now, the poyson spread through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing sences quite:
And nought respecting death, (the last of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th'enfigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got spoile before his right:
Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

And as conuaid t'vntimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chance) returning, fals
T'incounter with the same vpon the way,
As he repair'd to see his deerest ioy.
Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnseene.

Iudge those whom chãce depriues of sweetest treasure,
What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere:
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
What passions feeles that hart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impression of so strange a sight,
That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other do confound:
Oppres'd with griefe, his passions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombe.

At length extreamity breakes out a way,
Through which th'imprisned voice with teares attended,
Wailes out a sound that sorrows do bewray,
With armes a-crosse, and eies to heauen bended,
Vaporing our sighes that to the skies ascended.
Sighes (the poore ease calamity affoords,)
Which serue for speech when sorow wanteth words.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy sunne?
Why haue I light to see my sinnes contrould,
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darkenesse hide,
That from mine eyes, my hart cannot abide?

What saw my life, wherein my soule might ioy,
What had my dayes, whom troubles still afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted:
This, that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broiles, abrode in strife.

Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife,
Dissention in my blood, iarres in my bed:
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dread:
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering showes,
Which wise men see, the vulgar littles knows.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it,
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it.
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that now euen death commends,
On senceless lippes, millions of kisses spends.

Pitifull mouth (saith he) that liuing gau'st
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish:
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hau'st,
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kisse.
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinkes I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place:
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And vgly Death sits faire within her face;
Sweete remnants testing of vermillion red,
That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beauty, oh receiue these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For loe, my soule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee,)
Hastens her speedy course to ouer-take thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde:
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all woman kinde,
And after-ages monuments shall finde
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer.)
He doth represse what griefe would else bewray,
Least he too much his passions should discouer.
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.
So farre transported that he knew not whither,
For Loue and Maiesty dwell ill together,

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuise,
At *Godstow*, where my body was interred.
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Vnto these times, the memory of mee,
Marble and Brasse so little lasting be.

For those walls which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found;
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That Time their works should euer so confound,
Lye like confused heapes as vnder ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
Our wiser ages do account as follie.

And were it not thy fauourable lines
Re-edified the wracke of my decaies,
And that thy accents willingly assignes
Some farther date, and giue mee longer dayes,
Few in this age had knowne my Beautyes praise.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then when Confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to comes
When mirthlesse Thames shall have no Swanne to sing,
All musicke silent, & the Muses dombe;
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes aswell as euer Po.

But heere an end, I may no longer stay,
I must returne t'attend at Stygian flouds.
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray.
Tell *Delia*, now her sight may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood.
And if I passe vnto those happy banke s,
Then she must haue her praise, thy pen her thankes.

So vanquisht she, and left me to returne
To prosecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne.
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me knowne must make me liue vnseene.

FINIS.

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy dayes and howers,
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of filuer showers,
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes Floras lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaued,
wants refresh of better hap.

Eccho, daughter of the Aire,
(babling guest of Rocks and hill,)
Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ills,
Each thing pities my dispaire,
whilst that she her Louer kils.

Whilst that she (O cruell Maid)
doth me and my loue despise,
My lines floriss is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyed,
and well he ends for loue who dyes.

A Pasto-

O Happie golden Age,
Not for that Rivers ranne
With streames of milke, and hunny drops from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Vnto the husband-man
Her voluntary fruites free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th'eternall flowring Spring
Wherein liu'd every thing,
And whereon th'heavens perpetually did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From forraine shores, or warres or wars ill sought,
But onely for that name,
That Idle noune of minde:
That Idoll of deceit, that emptie sounde
Call'd Honor, which became
The tyran of the minde:
And so torments our Nature within ground,
Was not yet vainly sounde:
Nor yet sad griefes imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts,
But golden lawes like these
Which Nature wrote. That's lawfull which doth please.
Then amongst flowres and springs
Making delightfull sport,
Sate Lovers without conflict, without flame:

And

And Nimphs and shepheards sing
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisp'rings with Songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roses fresh reuealed,
Which now her smyle concealed.
The tender Apples in her bosome seene,
And oft in Riuers cleere
The Louers with their Loues consorting were.
HONOR, *thou first didst close*
The spring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirst
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
The glory of their light.
Restrain'd from men, and on themselues reuerst.
Thou in a Lawne didst first
These golden haires incase,
Late spred vnto the winde;
Thou mad'st loose grace vnkinde,
Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honour it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow.
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The qualifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power, shut from aboue?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mightie sleepe,

Let us neglected, base,
Line still without thy grace,
And th'vse of th'ancient happie ages keepe,
Let's loue, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue, the sun doth set, and rise againe,
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

FINIS.

Vlisses and the Syren.

Syren. COme worthy Greeke, *Vlisses* come
Possesse these shores with me:
The windes and Seas are troublesome,
And heere we may be free.
Here may we sit, and view their toile
That trauaile in the deepe,
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Vlis. Faire Nimph, if fame, or honor were
To be attaynd with ease
Then would I come, and rest with thee,
And leaue such toyles as these.
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. Vlisses, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreall name:
This honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And rests on others fame.
Begotten onely to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And giue vs vp to toile.

Vlis.

Vli. Delicious Nimph, ſuppoſe there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manhines would ſcorne to weare
The time in idle ſport.
For toyle doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feele our ioy;
And eaſe findes tediouſneſſe as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

Syr. Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeemes the more,
Whereto tends all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſporte them diuerſly,
Finde neuer tedious day,
And eaſe may haue varietie,
As well as action may.

Vli. But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe toyles, and dangers pleaſe,
And they take comfort in the ſame,
As much as you in eaſe.
And with the thought of actions paſt
Are recreated ſtill;
When pleaſure leaues a touch at laſt,
To ſhew that it was ill.

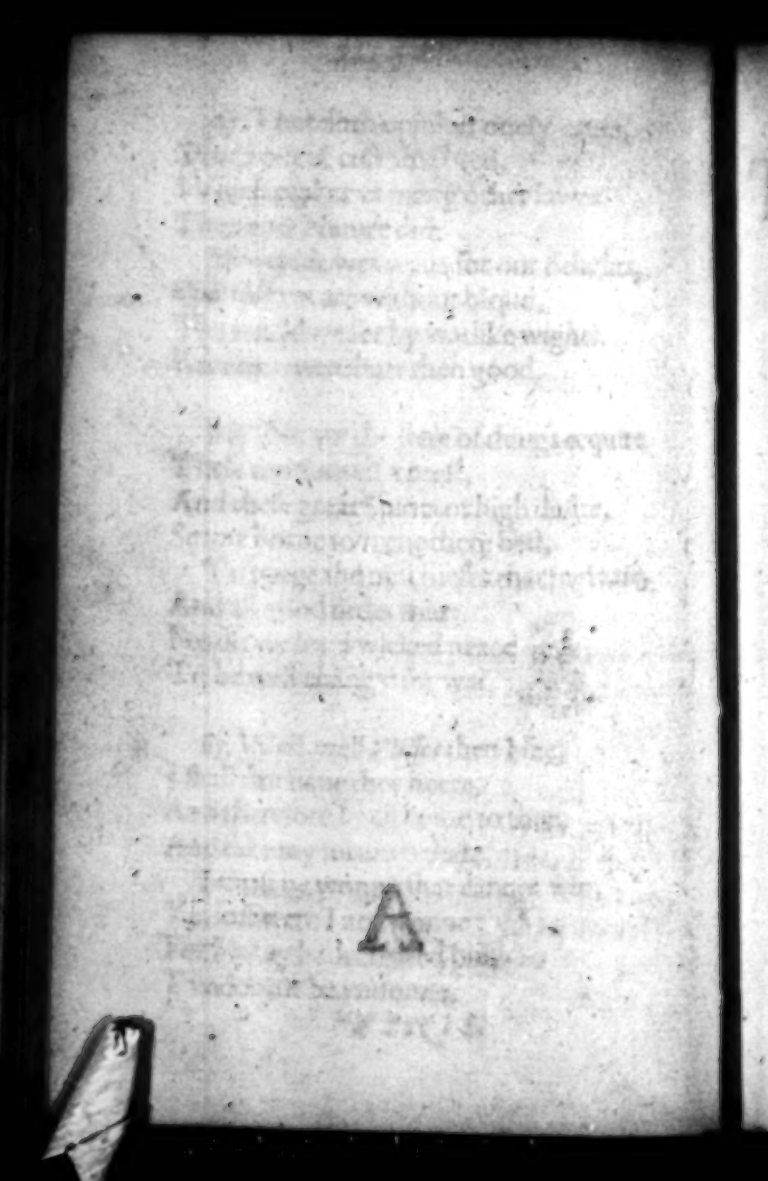
Sy. That doth opinion onely cauſe,
That's out of cuſtome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes
Then euer Nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our ſportes are without bloud,
The world we ſee by warlike wights,
Receiues more hurt then good.

Vlif. But yet the ſtate of things require
Theſe motions of vnreſt,
And theſe great Spirits of high deſire,
Seeme borne to turne them beſt.
To purge the miſchiefes that increaſe,
And all good order mar:
For oft we ſee a wicked peace
To be well chang'd for war.

Sy. Well, well *Vliſſes* then I ſee,
I ſhall not haue thee heere,
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there.
I muſt be wonne that cannot win,
Yet loſt were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndonne.

FINIS.

A



THE TRAGEDIE OF PHILOTAS.

By Sam: Daniel.

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By SAM: DANIEL.

AT LONDON
Printed by G. E. for *Simon Waterson* and *Edward Blount*.
1605.

THE TRAGEDIE OF PHILOTAS.

By SAM. DANIEL.

AT LONDON
Printed by E. for Simon Waterson and
Edward Blount.
1607.

To the Prince.

TO you most hopefull Prince, not as you are
But as you may be, do I give these lines:
That whē your iudgmēt shal arriue so far,
As t'ouerlooke th'intricate designes,
Of vncontented men: you may behold
With what incounters greatest fortunes cloze,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Incumbrances, ambition vndergoes:
How hardly men digest felicity;
How to th'intemperat, to the prodigall,
To wantonesse, and vnto luxury
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall find the greatest enemy
That man can haue, is his prosperity.

Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And playte bad courses vnder pleasing shews,
How well presumption broken ways defends,
Which cleere-eyed iudgment gratuely doth disclose.
Here shall you see how th'easie multitude
Transported, take the party of distresse,
And onely out of passion do conclude,
Not out of iudgment, of mens practises.

How

How powres are thought to wrong, that wrongs doe,
And kings not held in danger, though they are.
These ancient representments of times past;
Tell us that men haue doo, and alwayes runne
The selfe same line of action, and do cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be donne,
(Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
But will be wrought upon the selfe-same frame.

This benefit, most noble Prince, doth yeeld
The sure recordes of Bookes, in which we finde
The tenure of our state, how it was held
By all our ancestors, and in what kinde
We hold the same, and likewise how in the end
This fraile possession of felicitie,
Shall to our late posteritie discend,
By the same pattent of like destinie.
In thems we finde that nothing can accrew
To man, and his condition that is new.

And though you haue a Swannet of your owne,
Which on the bankes of Dowen *meditates*
Sweete notes for you, and vnto your renowne
The glory of his Musique dedicates;
And in a softie tune is set to sound
The deepe reportes of Sulle in tragedies.
Yet may this last of me be likewise found,
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifize
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day,
May grace this now neglected harmonie:
Which set vnto your glorious actions may
Record the same to all posteritie.

Though

Though I the remnant of another time,
Am never like to see that happinesse:
Yet for the zeale that I haue borne to rime,
And to the Muses wish that good successe
To others translate, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheard
Who shall deserue, and who shall haue this grace
To haue a Muse held worthy to be heard.
And know, sweete Prince, when you shall come to know,
That tis not in the powre of Kings to raise
A spirit for verse that is not borne thereto:
Nor are they borne in every Princes dayes.
For late Elizas *raigne, gaue birth to more*
Then all the kings of England *did before.*

And it may be, the Genius of that time,
Would leaue to her the glorie in that kind;
And that the vtmost powers of English Ryme,
Should be within her peacefull raigne confinde.
For since that time, our tongues could neuer thriue,
But laine as if forlorne: though in the prime
Of this new rising season, we did striue
To bring the best we could vnto the time.

And I although among the latter traine,
And least of those that sung vnto this land,
Haue borne my part, though in an humble straine,
And pleasd the gentler that did vnderstand:
And neuer had my harmlesse Pen at all
Distaind with any loose immodestie,
Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,
To aggranate the worst mans infamy.

But

But ſtill haue done the faireſt offices
To virtue and the time, yet nought prevailes,
And all our labors are without ſucceſſe,
For either fauour or our virtue failes.
And therefore ſince I haue outlined the date
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,
I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate
Of her ſpent line, had never come to light.
So had I not bene taxt'd for wiſhing well
Nor now miſtaken by the cenſuring ſtage
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell.
Which I eſteeme more then what all the age
Or th'earth can giue. But yeares hath don this wrong,
To make me write too much, and liue too long.
And yet I grieue for that vnfiniſht frame,
Which thou deare Muſe didſt vow to ſacrifice,
Vnto the Bed of peace, and in the ſame,
Deſigne our happineſſe to memorize,
Muſt, as it is remaine, though as it is:
It ſhall to after times relate my zeale
To kings, and vnto right, to quietneſſe,
And to the vnion of the common-weale.
But this may now ſeeme a ſuperfluous vow,
We haue this peace, and then haſt ſung inow
And more then wilbe heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be vnderſtood.

Sam: Dan.

The Argvment.

Hilotas the ſonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great eſtimation among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander* held to be the moſt valiant of the *Greekes*; patient of trauaile, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men and friends better then any Noble-man of the Campe: but otherwiſe noted of vaine-glorie and prodigallitie, in ſo much as his father hauing notice of his carriage, warned him to make himſelfe leſſe then he was, to auoide the ennie of the Campe, and the diſlike of the King, who grew ſuſpicious of him in reſpect of the greatneſſe of his Father, and Plutarch in the life of Alex.

and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his vſed to *Antigona* a fayre Curtizan borne in the cittie of *Pidna*, with whome being in loue, he let fall many braue wordes, and boſtes of a Soldier, to aduance his owne actions and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery worde the young man. Which ſpeeches *Antigona* reuealing to a companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with the woman carryed them to *Alexander*, whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow. And in the end concealing a conſpiracie (which was reueald vnto him) intended againſt the King, was thereby ſuſpected to haue beene a partie in the plotte: but brought before *Alexander*, hee ſo defended himſelfe, that hee obtayned his pardon for that time, ſuppd with the King that night, and yet the next day notwithſtanding, was arraigned for the ſame fact, which he ſtoutlie denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confeſt his treaſon. And indeed *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from heauen

Q. Curtius lib. 6.

with

with assuming the *Persian* magnificence; was the cause that withdrew many the hearts of the nobilitie and people from him; and by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King assoone as he had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares, which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most especiall Councellors of *Alexander* gravely and prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner as became their neerenesse, and deerenesse with their Lord and maister, & fitting to the safetie of the state, in the case of so great an aspirer: who no doubt, had he not beene preuented, (howsoeuer popularly in the Armie it might be otherwise censured) he had turnd the course of [illegible] vpon his Father and himselfe, or else by his imbroylments made it a monster of many heads, as it afterwards proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The Chorus consisting of three Græcians, (as of three estates of a Kingdome) and one *Persian*, representing the multitude and body of a people, who vulgarlie accor-

according to their affections carryed rather with compassion on great mens misfortunes, then with the consideration of the cause, frame their imaginations by that square, and censure what is done.

The

The names of the Actors.

Philotas.
Chaliſthenes.
Alexander.
Epheſtion.
Craterus.
Thais a Curtizan,
Antigone ſometimes one of the concubines of *Darius.*
Attarras.
Softratus.
Cebalinus.
Polidamas.
Nichomachus.
Metron.
Clitus.
Perdiccas.
Chorus. 3. *Gracians and a Perſian.*

The names of the Apostles.

Philippus.	Thaddæus.
Bartholomæus.	Simon Zelotes.
Matthæus.	Thomas.
Jacobus Alphæi.	Judas Iscariot.

Matthias Succeeded one of the Apostles.

The names of the Disciples.

Marcus.	Silas.
Lucas.	Timotheus.
Barnabas.	Titus.
Stephanus.	Philemon.
Philippus.	Onesimus.
Prochorus.	Archippus.
Nicanor.	Epaphras.
Timon.	Aristarchus.
Parmenas.	Marcus.
Nicolaus Proselytus Antiochenus.	Jason.
Rufus.	Sosipater.
Alexander.	Lucius.
Simeon.	Gaius.
Lucius Cyrenæus.	Erastus.
Manaen.	Tertius.
Saulus.	Quartus.
Barnabas.	Zenas.
Silas.	Apollos.
Judas.	Epaphroditus.
Sosthenes.	Clemens.
Gaius.	Euodias.
Aristarchus.	Syntyche.
Secundus.	Claudia.
Timotheus.	Eubulus.
Tychicus.	Pudens.
Trophimus.	Linus.
Apollos.	Caius.
Erastus.	Evaristus.
Olympas.	Alexander.
Rhoda.	Sixtus.
Philologus.	Telesphorus.
Julia.	Hyginus.
Nereus.	Pius.
Olympias.	Anicetus.
Thecla.	Soter.
Apphia.	Eleutherius.
Archippus.	Victor.
Philemon.	Zephyrinus.
Onesiphorus.	Calixtus.
Zenobius.	Urbanus.
Zenobia.	Pontianus.
Hermas.	Antherus.
Patrobas.	Fabianus.
Hermes.	Cornelius.
Linus.	Lucius.
Cletus.	Stephanus.
Clemens.	Sixtus.
Evodius.	Dionysius.
Ignatius.	Felix.
Simeon.	Eutychianus.
Justus.	Caius.
Aristion.	Marcellinus.
Ananias.	Marcellus.
Aristobulus.	Eusebius.
Narcissus.	Miltiades.
Amplias.	Melchiades.
Urbanus.	Silvester.
Stachys.	Marcus.
Apelles.	Julius.
Aristobulus.	Liberius.
Herodion.	Damasus.
Agabus.	Siricius.
Rufus.	Anastasius.
Asyncritus.	Innocentius.
Phlegon.	Zosimus.
Hermes.	Bonifacius.
Patrobas.	Celestinus.
Hermas.	Sixtus.
Philologus.	Leo.
Nereus.	Hilarius.
Olympas.	Simplicius.
Silvanus.	Felix.
Crescens.	Gelasius.
Epænetus.	Anastasius.
Andronicus.	Symmachus.
Junia.	Hormisdas.
Ampliatus.	Johannes.
Urbanus.	Felix.
Stachys.	Bonifacius.
Apelles.	Agapetus.
Tryphena.	Silverius.
Tryphosa.	Vigilius.
Persis.	Pelagius.
Rufus.	Johannes.
Asyncritus.	Benedictus.
Phlegon.	Pelagius.
Hermes.	Gregorius.
Patrobas.	Sabinianus.
Hermas.	Bonifacius.
Philologus.	Deusdedit.
Nereus.	Bonifacius.
Olympas.	Honorius.
Silvanus.	Severinus.
Crescens.	Johannes.
Epænetus.	Theodorus.
Andronicus.	Martinus.
Junia.	Eugenius.
Ampliatus.	Vitalianus.
Urbanus.	Adeodatus.
Stachys.	Donus.
Apelles.	Agatho.
Tryphena.	Leo.
Tryphosa.	Benedictus.
Persis.	Johannes.
Rufus.	Conon.
Asyncritus.	Sergius.
Phlegon.	Johannes.
Hermes.	Sergius.
Patrobas.	Leo.
Hermas.	Benedictus.
Philologus.	Johannes.
Nereus.	Conon.
Olympas.	Sergius.
Silvanus.	Leo.
Crescens.	Benedictus.
Epænetus.	Johannes.
Andronicus.	Conon.
Junia.	Sergius.
Ampliatus.	Leo.
Urbanus.	Benedictus.
Stachys.	Johannes.
Apelles.	Conon.
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Rufus.	Johannes.
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Phlegon.	Sergius.
Hermes.	Leo.
Patrobas.	Benedictus.
Hermas.	Johannes.
Philologus.	Conon.
Nereus.	Sergius.
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Epænetus.	Conon.
Andronicus.	Sergius.
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Persis.	Leo.
Rufus.	Benedictus.
Asyncritus.	Johannes.
Phlegon.	Conon

THE TRAGEDIE of PHILOTAS.

ACTVS I.

Philotas. *Chaliſthenes.*

Philotas *reading his Fathers letter.*

MAke thy ſelfe leſſe *Philotas* then thou art?
What meanes my father thus to write to me?
Leſſe then I am: in what? how can that be?
Muſt I be then ſet vnderneath my hait?
Shall I let go the holde I haue of grace
Gayned with ſo hard aduentures of my bloud,
And ſuffer others mount into my place,
And ſtoop below, looke vp to where I ſtoode?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth?
By putting off imployment; as vndone
In ſpirit or grace: whilſt other men ſet forth
To get that ſtare of action I haue wonne?
As if ſuch men as I, had any place,
To ſtay betwixt their ruine, and their grace.
Can any go beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my ſtare,
And make their fortune good vpon my ill,
Whilſt fortune hath power to wound me worſe the late?

Ch. Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this,
Your father meanes not you should yeeld in place,
But in your popular dependences:
Your entertainments, guifts, and publique grace,
That doth in iealous Kings, distaste the Peeres,
And makes you not the greater but in feares.

Phi. Alas what popular dependences
Do I retaine? can I shake off the zeale
Of such as do out of their kindnesses
Follow my fortunes in the common-weale.

Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you say true:
They follow do, your fortunes, and not you.

Phi. Yea but I find their loue to me sincere.

Cha. Euen such as to the Wolfe the Fox doth beare,
That visits him but to partake his pray,
And seeing his hopes deceiu'd turnes to betray.

Phi. I know they would if I in danger stood,
Runne vnto me, with hazard of their bloud.

Cha. Yea like as men to burning houses run,
Not to lend ayde, but to be lookers on.

Phi. But I with bountie, and with guifts haue tyde
Their hatts so sure, I know they will not slide.

Cha. Bounty & guifts loose more then they do find,
Where many looke for good, few haue their mind:
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath,
And so guifts laid for loue do euer men wrath.

Phi. But many meerely out of loue attend.

Cha. Yea, those that loue and haue no other end:
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know
You haue them not for friendship, but for show?

And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke, likewise they haue theirs.

Phi. But I do truly from my hart affect
Vertue and worth, where I do finde it set;
Besides my foes do force me in effect,
To make my partie of opinion great;
And I must arme me thus against the iniuries,
Men must be shodd, that go among the thornes.

Cha. Ah good *Philotas* you your selfe beguile,
Tis not the way to quench the fire with oyle:
The meeke and humble Lambe with small adoo,
Sucks his owne dam, we see, and others too:
In Courtes men longest liue and keepe their rankes,
By taking iniuries, and giuing thankes.

Phi. And is it so? then neuer are these haires;
Like to attaine that sober heue of grey,
I cannot plaister and disguise m'affaires,
In other coulours then my hart doth lay.
Nor can I patiently indure alsis found
And strange proceedings of ambitious,
That hath ingroste vp all into their hands,
By idolizing feeble maiestie.
And impiously do labour all they can,
To make the King forget he is a man.
Whilst they deuide the spoyles, and pray of powre,
And none at all respect the publique good:
Those hands that guard and get vs what is our,
The Solderie ingag'd to vent their blood,
In worse esse seeme then *Pedro* old-grooms Moyle,
Th' allowance fostred at their publique coste;

For these poore soules consum'd with tedious toile
Remayne neglected, hauing done their most.
And nothing shall bring home of all these wars
But emptie age and bodies charged with skarres.
Ch. Philotas, all this publique care I feare
Is but some priuat touch of your dislike.
Who seeing your owne designes not stand to squire
With your desires, no others courses like.
The griefe you take things are not ordred well,
Is that you feele your selfe I feare not well.
But when your fortunes shall stand parabel
With those you enuy now, all will be well.
For you great men, I see are neuer more
Your ends attain'd the same you were before.
You with a finger can point out the staynes
Of others errors now, and now condemn
The traine of state, whilst your desire remaines
without. But once got in you iumpe with them,
And interlesgue ye with iniquity,
And with a like neglect do temporize
And onely serue your owne commodity:
Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes.
For either greatnesse doth transforme the hart,
Into other shapes of thoughts or certaynly
This vulgar honesty doth dwell apart
From powre, and is some priuate quallity.
Or rather those faire parts which we esteeme
In such as you, are not the same they seeme,
You double with your selues or els with vs.
And therefore now *Philotas* euen as good-

Imbrace the times as swell, and do no good.

Ph. Alas *Chalisthenes* you haue not layde
The leuell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within, all you haue sayde
Shall neuer make me of another side
Then that I am, and I do skorne to clyme
By shaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Ch. The time, *Philotas* then will break thy neck.

Ph. They dare not, freind, my faith wil keep my neck,
My seruice to the state hath cautioned
So surely for myne honor, as it shall
Make good the place my deedes haue purchased
With daunger, in the loue, and harts of all,

Ch. Those seruices, will serue as waights to charge
And presse you vnto death, if your foot faile
neuer so little vnderneath your charge
And will be deem'd, donne, for your owne auayle.
And who haue spirits to do the greatest good,
May do most hurt if they remaine not good.

Ph. Tush. They cannot want my seruice in the state.

Ch These times want not men to supply the state.

Ph. I feare not whilst *Parmenio* forces stand.

Ch. Water far off quenches not fire neere hand.
You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can heare
Or if he heard, before he could be here.
And therefore do not build vppon such sand
It will deceiue your hopes, when all is doone
For though you were the minion of the land
If you breake out, be sure you are vndonne.
When running with the current of the stare,

Were you the weakeſt man of men aliue
And in conuentions, and in counſayle ſate
And did but ſleepe or nod, yet ſhould you thriue
Theſe motiue ſpirits are neuer fit to riſe,
And tis a danger to be held ſo wiſe.

Ph. What call you running with the ſtate; ſhall I
Combine with thoſe that do abuſe the ſtate?
Whoſe want of iudgment, wit and honeſty,
I am aſhamed to ſee, and ſeeing hate.

Ch. Tuſh, tuſh, my Lord thinke not of what were fit,
The world is gouernd more by forme, then wit,
He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
Is but a foole, and grieues himſelfe in vaine.
Cannot you great men ſuffer others to
Haue parte in rule, but muſt haue all to doo,
Now good my Lord conforme you to the reſt,
Let not your wings be greater then your neſt.

Ph. ſolus. See how theſe vain diſcourſiue Booke-men
Out of thoſe ſhadows of their ayerie powres, (talke,
And do not ſee how much they muſt de ſalke
Of their accoumpts, to make them gree with ours.
They little know to what neceſſities,
Our courſes ſtand allyed, or how we are,
Ingag'd in reputation other-wiſe
To be our ſelues in our particulare.
They thinke we can command our harts to lye,
Out of their place: and ſtill they preach to vs.
Pack-bearing Patience that baſe property,
And ſilly guift of th'all enduring Aſs.
But let them talke their fill, it is but wind,

I must sayle by the compasse of my minde,

Enter a Messenger.

My Lord, the King calls for you come my Lord away,

Ph. Well then I know there's some new stratagem
In hand, to be consulted on to day.
That I am sent for with such speede, so him,
Whose youth and fortune cannot brooke delay.
But here's a Sutor standes t'impeach my hast,
I would I had gone vp the priuie way.
Whereby we escape th'attending multitude,
Though I confesse, that in humanity
Tis better to deny, then to delude.

Enters Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotas* I am come with news,
Of great importance that concerns vs all,
And well hath my good fortune met with you:
Who best can heare, and best discharge my care.

Ph. Say what it is and pray thee friend be briefe.

Ceb. The case requires your patience good my lord.
And therefore I must craue your eare a while,

Ph. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

Ceb. Not *Alexander* will be long with vs,
Vnles you heare, and therfore know, the newes
I bring, concernes his life: and thus it is,
There is one *Dymnus* here within the campe:
Whose low estate, and high affections
Seeme to haue thrust him in'outragious wayes.
This man affecting one *Nicbomacus*
A youth, my brother, whom one day h'allures
In'a temple where being both alone,

He breakes out in this sort: *Nichomacus*
Sweete louely youth, ah should I not impart
To thee the deepest secrets of my hart,
My hart that hath no lock shut against thee,
Would let it out some-times vnwares of me.
But as it issues from my faithfull loue,
So close it vp in thine, and keepe it fast:
Sweare to be secret deere *Nichomacus*.
Sweare by the sacred God-head of this place
To keepe my councell, and I will reueale
A matter of the greatest consequence
That euer man imparted to his friend.
Youth and desire, drawne with a loue to know,
Swore to be secret, and to keepe it close
When *Dymnus* tells him, that within three dayes
There should b'effected a conspiracie
On *Alexanders* person, by his meanes
And diuers more of the Nobilitie.
To free their labours and redeeme them home,
Which when *Nichomacus* my brother heard:
Is this your tale saith he? O God forbid
Mine oath should tie my tongue to keepe in this.
This ouglie firme of treason, which to tell
Mine oath compells me, faith against my faith
Must not be kept. My falshood here is truth
And I must tell; friend or friend not, Ile tell.
Dymnus amaz'd hearing beyond conceipt
The self-willd youth vow to reueale their plot:
Stands staring on him, drawing back his breath,
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts

Bated with death and horror, could not worke,
Not having leasure now, to thinke what was
But what would be; his feares were runne before,
And at misfortune ere she came to him.
At length yet, when his reason had reduc'd
His flying thoughts back to some certaine stand,
Perceiuing yet some distance was betwixt
Death and his feares which gaue him time to worke,
With his returning spirits he drew his sword,
Puts it t'his owne then to my brothers throate,
Then layes it downe, thē wrings his hands, thē kneeles,
Then stedfast lookes, then takes him in his armes,
Weepes on his neck, no word, but O wilt thou?
Wilt thou, be the destruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His milerie grew furious, and againe
He takes his sworde, and sweares to sacrifice
To silence and their cause, his dearest bloud.
The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,
Was faine to vow, and promise secrecie;
And as if wonne t'allow and take that part,
Prayes him to tell, who were his complices.
Which, though perplext with grief for what was done,
Yet thinking now t'haue gaind him to his side,
Dymus replyes: no worle then *Lyceus*,
Demetrius of the priuie Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amyntas*, and *Archelepis*,
Drocenus, *Aphebetus*, *Leucatus*,
Shall be th'associats of *Nichomachus*.
This when my brother once had vnderstood,

And

And after much a do had gon away
He comes and tels me all the whole discourse:
Which here I haue related vnto you,
And here will I attend t'auouch the same,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much.
Whome now I leaft behinde, leaft the conspirators
Seeing him here vnusing to this place,
Suspecting t'b'appeached, might shifts away.

Phil. Well fellow, I haue heard thy strange report,
And will finde time t'acquaint the king therewith.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Antigona and *Thais*.

WHat can a free estate afford me more
Then my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?
Was I beloud, inrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and graced now?

Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a kings delight.

Ant. I might be his although he was not mine.

Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens sight.

Ant. More great perhapps without, but not within:
My loue was then aboue mee, I am now
Aboue my loue, *Darius* then had thousands more
Philotas hath but me as I do know.
Nor none els will he haue, and so he swore.

Tha. Nay then you may believe him, if he swore.
Alas poore soule, she neuer came to know
Her liberty, nor loue is periuries.

Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,

That is alone to mee, then with these powres,
Who out of all proportion must b'aboue
And haue vs their's, but they will not be ours.
And *Thais* although thou be a *Grecian*,
And I a *Persian*, do not envie mee.
That I imbrace the only gallant man
Persia, or *Greece* or all the world can see.
Thou, who art intertain'd and grac'd by all
The flowre of honour els, do not dispise.
That vnto mee poore captiue should befall
So great a grace in such a worthies eyes.
Tha. Antigona, I enuie not thy loue,
But thinks thee blest t'inioy him in that sort.
But tell me truly didst thou euer proue
Whether he lou'd in earnest or in sporte
Ant. Thais, let m'a little glory in my grace,
Out of the passion of the ioy I feele
And tell the'a secret, but in any case,
As y'are a woman do not it reueile.
One day as I was sitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victory
All bloud and dust, yet iolly haning wonne
The glory of the day most gallantly.
And warm'd with honor of his good Successe.
Relates to mee the daungers he was in:
Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardnes.
Faith wench, saies he, thus must we fight, toyle, win,
To make that young-man proud, thus is he borne:
Vpon the winges of our disartes, our bloud
Setts him aboue himselfe and makes him skorne,

His

His owne, his country, and the Authors of his good.
My father was the first that out from *Greece*
Shewd him the way of *Asia*, set him on
And by his proiect raisd the greatest peece
Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* much hath wrought,
Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
But let him vse his fortune whilst he may,
Times haue their chaunge, we must not still be lead.
And sweet *Antigona* thou mayst one day
Yet, blesse the howre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed.
Wherewith he sweetly kist me, and now deeme,
If that so great, so wise, so rare a man,
Would if he held me not in deare esteeme
Haue vttred this t'a captiue *Persian*.
But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare
My lord returne, and finde me not within,
Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any where
But in his chamber where I should haue bene.
And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Th. Fare well *Antigona*.

Now haue I that which I desired long
Layd in my lap by this fond woman here,
And meanes t'auenge me of a secret wrong
That doth concerne my reputation nere.
This gallant man, whom this foole in this wise
Vaunts to be hers, I must confesse t'haue lou'd
And vs'd all th'ingins of these conquering eyes
Affections in his hy-built hart t'haue mou'd
Yet neuer could: for what my labour seekes

I see is lost vppon vaine ignorance.
Whilst he that is the glory of the *Greekes*
Virtues vpholder, honours countenance,
Out of this garnish of his worthy parts
Is falne vpon this foolish *Persian*,
To whom his secretes grauely he imparts,
Which she as wisely keepe and gouerne cann
Tis strange to see the humour of these men,
These great aspiring spirits that should be wise
We women shall know all; for now and then
Out of the humour of their follyes
The smoake of their ambition must haue vent,
And out it comes what rackes should not reuaile,
For thus her humour hath so much of wind,
That it will burst it selfe if too close pent,
And none more fit then vs their wisedomes find,
Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For being the nature of great spirits, to loue
To be, where they may be most eminent.
And rating of themselues so far aboue
Vs in conceipt with whom they do frequent,
Imagin how we wonder and esteeme
All that they doo or say, which makes them striue
To make our admiration more extreame
Which they suppose they cannot, lesse they giue
Notice of their extreame and highest thoughts.
And then th'opinion that we loue them too,
Begets a confidence of secrecie,
Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We shall be sure to know it presently.

But

But faith, I scorne that such a one as shee,
A silly witted wench, should haue this grace
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,
Hauing but onely beautie, and a face.
I that was euer courted by the Great
And gallantst Peeres and Princes of the East,
Whom *Alexander* in the greatest state
The earth did euer see him, made his guest.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternitie of fame: there where these hands
Did write in fire the glorie of my spirit,
And set a trophey that for euer stands.
Thais Action with the *Grecian* acts shalbe
Inregistred alike. *Thais* she that fir'd
The statelieft Pallace th'earth did euer see,
Darius house that to the clouds aspir'd,
She is put back behind *Amigona*,

But soone *Philotis* shall his error see,
Who thinkes that beautie best, mens passions stirs,
For that they vse our bodies, not our wittes:
And vnto *Orsterius* will I presently,
And him acquaint with all this whole discourse,
Who I am sure will take it well of vs,
For these great minions, who with enuious eye
Looke on each others greatnesse, will be glad,
In such a case of this importancie,
To haue th'aduantage that may herebe had.

CHO

CHORVS.

WE as the Chorus of the vulgar, stand
Spectators here, to see these great men play
Their parts both of obedience and command,
And censure all they doo, and all they say.
For though we be esteemd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the best in show.
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire, their misteries of state:
Yet know we by th'euents, what plottes haue beene,
And how they all without do personate.
We see who well a meaner part became,
Faile in a greater, and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it: some againe haue got
Good reputation, and beene well esteem'd
In place of greatnesse, which before were not.
We see affliction as a better seene,
Then prosperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.
We see that all which we haue praisd in some
Haue onely beene their fortune, not desart:
Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become:
And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part.
We see Philotas all his goodnesse ill,
And makes his passions ruyners of him.

Worse

Worse then he is: and we doo feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them.
For sure there is some ingin closely laide
Against his grace and greatnesse with the King:
And thatunlesse his humours proue more staide,
We soone shall see his vtter ruining.
And his affliction, our compassion drawes,
Which still lookes on meins fortunes, not the cause.

ACTVS 2. SCENA 1.

Alexander, Ephestion, Craterus.

Alexander.

Ephestion, thou doost *Alexander* loue,
Craterus thou the King: yet both you meete
In one selfe point of loyaltie and loue,
And both I finde like carefull, like discreet.
Therefore my faithfull Councellours to you
I must a weightie accident impart,
Which lies so heauie, as I tell you true
I finde the burthen much t'oppresse my hart.
Ingratitude and stubborne carriage,
In one of whom my loue deserv'd respect,
Is that which moues my passion into rage,
And is a thing, I ought not to neglect.
You see how I *Philotas* raised haue
Aboue his ranck, his Peeres, beyond his terme:
You see the place, the offices I gaue,

As

As th'earnest of my loue to binde his firme.
But all, he deeming rather his desartes,
Then the effects of my grace any way,
Begins to play most peremptorie parts,
As fitter to controule then to obay.
And I haue bene inform'd, he fosters too,
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That would run back from glory, and vndoo
All the whole wonder of our enterprize,
And one day to our selfe presumes to write,
(Seeming our stile and title to obrayd,
Which th'oracles themselues held requisite
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And said he pitried those who vnder him should line.
Who held himselfe the sonne of *Iupiter*.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue,
Could make mine owne thoughts other then they are.
I that am Arbiter betwixt my hart,
And their opinion, know how it stands within,
And find that my infirmities take part,
Of that same frailty, other men liue in.
And yet what if I were disposd to winke,
At th'intertaind opinion spred so far.
And rather was content the world should thinke.
Vs other then we are, then what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, seeing that Maiestie
Needs all the propps of admiration
That may be got to beare it vp on hye.
And much more mine, which but euen now begun

By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
Needes all the complements to rest vpon:
That reu'rence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wise man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to instruct vs what to do.
But these are but the florishes he makes,
Of greater malice he is bent vnto:
For sure me thinkes I view within his face,
The mapp of chaunge and inneuacion:
I see his pride contented with no place,
Vnles it be the throne I sit vpon.

Eph Had I not heard this from your sacred tongue,
Deare soueraigne, I would neuer haue beleeued
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
T'his owne worth, and th'honors he receiued,
And yet me thought of late his carriage.
In such exceeding pompe and gallantry,
And such a world of followers; did presage
That he affected popularity.
Especially since for his seruice done.
He was adiudgd to haue the second place
In honor with *Antigonus*, which wonne,
To some th'opinion to be high in grace.
Then this last action leading the right winge,
And th'ouerthrow he gaue, might happ inlarge
Th'opinion of himselfe considering,
Th'especiall grace and honor of his charge.
Whereby perhaps in raising his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-ualew that great grace:
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth.

And

And made his fortune suting to the place.
But yet I thinke he is not so vnwise,
Although his fortune, youth and lollity.
Makes him thus rash, as he will enterprize
Ought against counsle, his faith, and loyalty.
And therefore if your grace did but withdraw,
Those beames of fauour which doo daze his wits
He would be soone reduc'd this rank of awe,
And know himselfe, and beare him as befits.

Alex. With-draw our grace, and how can that be
Without some sullination to insue. (donne,
Can he be safe brought in being so far gone,
I hold it not. Say *Cratero* what thinke you.

Cra. Soueraigne, I know the man, I find his spirit,
And malice shall not make me I protest.
Speake other then I know his pride doth merit,
And what I speake is for your interest.
Which long ere this I would haue vttered,
But that I feard your maiesty would take,
That from some priuate grudg it rather bred,
Then out of care for your deare sisters sake.
Or rather that I sought to crosse your grace,
Or to confine your fauour within bounds,
And finding him to hold so high a place
In that deuine conceipt which ours confounds,
I thought the safest way to let it rest,
In hope that time some passage open would
To let in those cleere lookes into that brest
That doth but malice and confusion hold.
And now I see you haue discerned the man,

Whome I protest I hold most dangerous.
And that you ought be with all the speed you can
Worke to represse a spirit so mutinous:
For eu'n already he is swolne so high,
That his affections ouer-flowe the brime
Of his owne powres, not able to deuy
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him.
For but euen now I heard a strange report
Of speeches he should vse t'his Curtizan:
Vaunting what he had done, and in what sort,
He labourd to aduance that proud yong man,
(So terming of your sacred maiesty)
With other such extrauagant discourse:
Whereof we shall attaine more certainty,
I doubt not shortly and discry his course.
Meane while about your person I aduise,
Your grace should call a more sufficient guard:
And on his actions set such wary eyes,
As may thereof take speciall good regarde.
And note what persons chiefly he frequents:
And who to him haue the most free accesse,
How he bestowes his time, where he presents,
The large reuenue of his bounteousnesse.
And for his wenchs that lyes betwixt his armes.
And knowes his hare I will about with her,
She shalbe wrought t'apply her viuall charmes:
And I will make her my discouerer.

Alex. This counsell *Craterus* we do well allow,
And giue thee many thankes for thy great care.
But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know,

That

That we ſuſpect what his affections are,
For that you ſee he holdes a ſide of powre:
which might perhappe call vp ſome mutinie.
His father old *Parmenio* at this howre,
Rules *Medea* with no leſſer powres then I.
Himſelfe you ſee gallantly followed
Holds next to vs a ſpeciall gouerment:
Coenus that with his Siſter married,
Hath vnder him againe comandement:
Amintas and *Symmias* his deare friends
With both their honorable offices.
And then the priuate traine that on them tendes,
With all perticuler dependences.
Are motiues to aduice vs how to deale.

Crat. Your grace ſaies true, but yet theſe cloudes of (ſmooke
Vaniſh before the ſun of that reſpect
Whereon mens long-inurd affections looke
With ſuch a natiue zeale, and ſo affect:
As that the vaine and ſhallow practiſies,
Of no ſuch giddy traytor(if the thing,
Be tooke in time with due aduiſednes:
Shall the leaſt ſhew of any fealing bring.

Alex. Well then to thee deare *Craterus* I refer,
Th'eſpeciall care of this great buſines.

SCENA 2.

Philotas, Ceballinus, Seruus.

Ceb. MY Lord, I here haue long attendance made
Expecting to be calld t'attouch my newes,
Ph. In troth my friend I haue not found the king
At any leasure yet to heare the same.
Ceb. No not at leasure to preuent his death?
And is the matter of no more import?
Ile try another. Yet me thinks such men,
As are the eyes and eares of princes, should,
Not weigh so light such an intelligence:
Ser. My lord the summe you willed me to giue,
The captaine that did visit you to day:
To tell you plainly your coffers yeald it not,
Phi. How, if they yeald it not, haue I not then,
Apparell, plate, iewells; why sel them:
And go your way dispatch and giue it him.
Me thinks I find the king much chaunged of late,
And vnto me his graces not so great.
Although they seeme in show all of one rate,
Yet by the touch I find them counterfeit:
For when I speake, although I haue his eare
Yet do I see his mind is other where,
And when he speakes to me I see he striues,
To giue a coulor vnto what is not,
For he must thinke that we whose states, whose liues.
Depend vpon his grace learne not by rote,

T'obserue

Search the life of Alexander.

To obserue his actions, and to know his nym,
And though indeede princes be manifold,
Yet haue they still such eies to waite on them.
As are to piercing that they can beholde.
And penetrate the inwards of the hart,
That no deuice can set so close a dore,
Betwixt their shewes and thoughtes, but that their art:
Of shadowing it, makes it appeare the more.
But many malicing my state of grace,
I know doo worke, with all the powers they haue
Vpon that easie nature, to displace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue:
And though I know they seeke t'inclose him in,
And faine would lock him vp and chamber him:
Yet will I neuer stoope and seeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them.
And skorne to stand on any other feet
Then these of mine owne worth; and what my plaine
And open actions cannot fairely get
Baseues and soothing them shall neuer gaine.
And yet, I know my presence and accesse,
Cleers all these mists which they haue raisd before:
Though with my back streight turnes that happinesse,
And they againe blow vp as much or more:
Thus do we role the stone of our owne toyle,
And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA

SCENA 3.

Craterus. *Antigona.*

ANtigona, there is no remedie,
You needs must iustifie the speech you held,
With *Thais*, who will your confrence verifie,
And therefore now it cannot be conceald.

Anti. O my good Lord I pray you vrge me not,
Thais onely of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a stranger should haue such a lott,
Hath out of her inuention forged it. (show,

Cra. Why then shall rackes and tortures force thee
Both this and other matters which we know,
Thinke therefore it were not a wiser part,
T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace,
And being perhaps so beautious as thou art,
Of fayre election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, then to be obstinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man.
Who in his dangerous and concussed state,
No good to thee but ruine render can:
Resolue thee of this choyce, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning back.

Ant. What shall I doo, shall I betray my loue,
Or die disgrac'd? what do I make a doubt
Betray my loue? O heauenly powres aboue
Forbid that such a thought should issue out
Of this confused brest: nay rather first
Let tortures, death, and horror do their worst.

But

But out alas this inconsiderate tongue,
Without my harts consent and priuitie,
Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wisdome to deny.
No wisdome to deny? yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traytor to my hart,
Shall either powrefully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuer more shall words of breath impart,
Yet what can my deniall profit him,
Whom they perhaps whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd vpon matters knowne to them,
To ruinate on some discouered plot.
Let them do what they will. Let not thy hart
Seeme to be accessarie in a thought,
To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of shame in what is wrought.
O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore,
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
But tis not for thy honour to forsake
Thy loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort,
Alas what notice will the world take
Of such respects in women of my sort.
This act may yet put on so fayre a cote
Vpon my foule profession, as it may
Not blush t'appeare with those of cleanest note,
And haue as hye a place with fame as they.
What do I talke of fame? do I not see
This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth

Already

Already entred and haue beset me,
The ioyes of life to batter downe my truth in
O my subdued thoughts what haue you done,
To let in feare and falshood to my hart;
Whom though they haue surpizd they haue not won,
For still my loue shall hold the dearest part.

Crat. *Antigona* what are you yet resolud.

Ant. Resolu'd my Lord endure all misery.

Crat. And so be sure you shall if that be your choice.

Ant What will you haue me doo my Lord, I am
Content to say what you will haue me say.

Crat. Then come go with me to *Alexander*.

CHORVS.

HOw dost thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,
Restles ambition neuer at an end;
Whose trauails no herculean pillar stayes,
But still beyond thy rest thy labors tend.
Aboue good fortune, thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climing and yet neuer canst ascend:
For when thou hast attaind vnto the top,
Of thy desires thou hast not yet got vp.
That heigh of fortune either is contrould,
By some more powrefull ouerlooking eie:
(That doth the fulnesse of thy grace withhold)
Or counter-checkt with some concurrencie:
That it doth cost far more adoo to hold,

The

The high attaind, then was to get so hie.
Where stand thou canst not, but with carefull toyle,
Nor loose thy hold with out thy vtter spoile.
There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,
And others iealosies, their counterplot,
Against some vnderworking pride that must,
Supplanted be, or els thou standest not;
There wrong is paid with wrong, and he that thrust:
Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.
The same concussion doth afflict his breast.
That others strooke, oppression is oppresst
That either happines dwells not so hie,
Or els aboue, where to pride cannot rise:
And that the by'st of mans felicity,
But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we clime but vp to misery,
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue,
Rest dwels below it, happines aboue.
For in this hight of fortune are imbred,
Those thundring fragors that affright the earth,
From thence haue all distempratures their head:
That bringes forth desolation, famine, dearth,
There certaine order is disordered:
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that high of fortune doth vndoo,
Both her owne quietnes and others too.

ACTVS

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Alex. Metron. Ceballinus. Craterus Perdiccas, Ephest.

COme, *Metron* say of whom hast thou receiued,
Th'intelligence of this conspiracie:
Contrind against our persons as thou sayst,
By *Dymnus* and some other of the Campe,
Is't not some vaine report borne without cause,
That enuie or imagination drawes
From priuate ends to breed a publike feare,
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were.
Met. Here may it please your highnes is the man,
One *Ceballinus* that brought me the newes.
Ceb. O *Alexander* I haue sau'd thy life,
I am the man that hath reueild their plot.
Alex. And how cam'st thou to be informd therof,
Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nichomacus*,
Whom *Dymnus* chiefe of the conspirators,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents,
Alex. How long since is it, this was told to thee?
Ceb. About some three dayes, my Soueraigne Lord.
Alex. What three dayes since? and hast thou so long
The thing cõceald from vs being of that weight. (kept
Guard, take and lay him presently in hold:
Ceb. O may it please your grace I did not keepe,
The thing conceald one houre, but presently,
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,

Suppo-

Suppose him a man so nere in place,
Would best repect a case that touchd so neare:
And on him haue I waited these two dayes,
Expecting t'haue bene brought vnto your Grace,
And seeing him weigh it light, pretending that
Your graces leasure serud not fit to heare,
I, to the maister of your armory,
Addrest my selfe forthwith, to *Metron* here,
Who without making any more delay,
Prest in vnto your grace being in your bath,
Locking me vp the while in th'armorie,
And all what I could shew reuealed hath.

Alex. If this be so then, fellow I confesse,
Thy loyall care of vs was more then theirs,
Who had more reason theirs should haue bin more,
Cause *Dymnus* to be presently brought forth,
And call *Philotas* straight, who now I see
Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me,
Who would haue thought one whom I held so nere,
Would from my safetie haue bene so far off,
When most it should and ought import his care,
And wherein his allegeance might make proofe
Of those effects my fauours had deseru'd,
And ought t'haue claym'd more duly at his hands
Then any of the rest. But thus w'are seru'd.
When priuate grace out of proportion stands
And that we call vp men from of below:
From th'Element of baser property,
And set them where they may behold and know
The way of might and worke of maiestie.

Where seeing those rayes, which being seene far off,
Reflect a heat of wonder and respect,
To faile nere hand and not to shew that proofe,
(The obiect onely working that effect,)
Thinke seeing themselues (though by our fauour) set
Within the selfe same orbe of rule with vs,
Their light would shine alone if ours were set,
And so presume t'obscure or shadow vs.
But he shall know although his neerenes hath,
Not felt our heat that we can burne him too.
And grace that shines can kindle vnto wrath:
And *Alexander* and the king are two;
But here they bring vs *Dymnus* in whose face,
I see is gilt, dispayre, horror and death.

Guar. Yea death indeed, for ere he could b'attachd,
He stab'd himselfe so deadly to the hart,
As tis impossible that he should liue.

Al. Say *Dymnus* what haue I deserud of thee?
That thou shouldst thinke worthier to be thy king,
Philotas then our selfe. Hold hold he sinkes:
Guard keepe him vp get him to answere vs.

Guar. H'hath spoke his last h'will neuer answer more

Al. Sorry I am for that, for now hath death,
Shut vs cleene out from knowing him within:
And lockt vp in his breast all th'others harts,
But yet this deed argues the truth in grosse,
Though we be bar'd it in particular.
Philotas are you come looke here this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death?
Could it but haue ben prou'd he had concealed,

Th'inten-

Th'intended treason from vs these two dayes,
Wherewith he sayes he straight acquainted thee:
Thinke the more nere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame, & the offence,
And which had bene lesse foule in him then thee.

Phil. Renowned prince, for that my hart is cleare,
Amazement causes ouercast my face,
And I must boldly with the stained cheare,
Of my vnguilty conscience tel your grace:
That this offence (thus happning) was not made,
By any the least thought of ill in mee:
And that the keeping of it vnbewraid,
was that I held the rumor vaine to be.
Considring some who were accusd were knowne,
Your auncient and most loyall seruitors:
And such as rather would lose out their owne
Hart bloud I know then once indanger yours,
And for me then vppon no certaine note,
But on the brable, of two wanton youthes,
T'haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought,
In your distrust, and wrong to others truthes,
And to no end but onely to haue made,
My selfe a scorne and odious vnto all.
(For which I rather tooke the baite was laide
Then els for any treachery at all.)
I must confesse I thought the safest way,
To smoother it a while, to th'end I might
Yf such a thing could be, some proufes bewray,
That might yeeld probability of right.
Protesting that mine eyne vnspotted thought

A like beliefe of others truth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue beene wrought
T'imagin such a detestable deed.
And therefore O dread Soueraigne do not way
Philotas faith by this his ouer-sight,
But by his actions past, and onely lay
Error t'his chardge, not malice not dispight.

Al. Well, so thou hast a fauourable iudge,
Whē though thou hast not powre to cleere thy blame,
Yet hath he powre to pardon thee the same,
Which take not as thy right but as his grace,
Since here the person alters not the case,
And here *Philotas*, I forgiue th'offence,
And to confirme the same, lo here's my hand.

Phi. O sacred hand the witnesse of my life,
By thee I hold my safetie as secure,
As is my conscience free from treacherie.

Alex. Well go t'your charge, & looke to our affaires,
For we to morrow purpose to remoue. *Exit.*

Alex. In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinkes the man seemes surely cleare in this,
How euer otherwise his hopes haue beene,
Transported by his vnaduisednesse:
It cannot be, a guilty conscience should
Put on so sure a brow, or els by arte
His lookes stand pewrall, seeming not to hold
Respondencie of int'rest with his hart.
Sure for my part, he hath dissolu'd the knot
Of my suspition, with so cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot

Of

Of mischiefe it may be, he hath no hand
Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he shewes,
Who is suspected should be feard the more:
For danger from weake natures neuer growes,
Who must disturb the world are built therefore.
He more is to be feard that nothing feares,
And malice most effects, that least appeares.
Presumption of mens powres as well may breed,
Assurednesse, as innocency may:
And mischiefe seldome but by trust doth speed,
Who kings betray, first their beleife betray.
I would your grace had first conferrd with us
Since you would needes such clemency haue shownes
That we might yet but haue aduisd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue knowne.
In faults wherein an after shame will liue,
Tis better to conceale then to forgiue.
For who are brought vnto the block of death,
Thinke rather on the perrill they haue past:
Then on that grace which hath preserud their breath,
And more their suffrings then their mercie taste,
He now to plot your danger still may liue.
But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.
Know that a man so twolne with discontent,
No grace can cure nor pardon can restore:
He knowes how those who once haue mercie spent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.
But say that through remorce he calmer proue,
Will great *Parmenio* so attended on,
With that braue Armye fostred in his loue:

Be thankfull for this grace you do his sonne?
Some benefits are odious, so is this:
Where men are still ashamed to confesse,
To haue so done as to deserue to die:
And euer do desire that men should gesse,
They rather had receiud an iniury,
Then life, since life they know in such a case,
May be restord to all but not to grace.

Perd. And for my part my liege I hold this minde
That sure he would not haue so much suppresst,
The notice of a treason in that kinde,
Valesse he were a party with the rest:
Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* sonne,
The generall commander of the horse:
The minion of the campe the onely one,
Of secret counsell, and of free recourse
Should not in three dayes space haue found the king,
At leasure t'heare three wordes of that import:
Whilst he himselfe in idle laughing,
Did thousands spend t'aduance his owne report?

Cra. And if he gaue no credit to the youth,
Why did he two dayes space delay him then?
As if he had believ'd it for a truth,
To hinder his addresse to other men?
If he had held it but a vaine conceipt,
I pray why had he not dismist him streight?
Men in their priuate daungers may be stoute:
But in th'occasions and the feares of kings,
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt,
The intimation of the vainest things.

Alex. Well how soeuer, we will yet this night,
Disport and banquet in vnusuall wise.
That it may seeme we weigh this practise light,
How euer heauy, here within it lies.
Kings may not know distrust, and though they feare,
They must not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA 2.

Antigona. Thais.

O Y'are a secret councell-keeper *Thais*,
In troth I little thought you such a one:
Tha. And why *Antigona* what haue I done.
Ant. You know full well your conscience you bewraies,
Tha. Alas good soule would you haue me conceale
That which your selfe could not but needes reueile?
Thinke you another can be more to you,
In what concernes them not, then you can be,
Whom it imports? Will others hold them true
When you proue false to your owne secrecie?
But yet this is no wonder for we see,
Wiser then we do lay their heads to gage
For ryotous expences of their tongues
Although it be a property belongs,
Especially to vs and euery age,
Can shew strange presidents what we haue ben,
In cases of the greatest plots of men:
And tis the Scene on this worlds stage we play,

Whose reuolution, we with men conuert,
And are to act our parte as well as they:
Though commonly the weakest, yet a part.
For this great motion of a state we see,
Doth turne on many wheeles, and some though smale
Do yet the greater moue, who in degree.
Stirre those who likewise turne the great'st of all.
For though we are not wise, we see the wise
By vs are made or make vs parties still,
In actions of the greatest quallities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.
Ant. I cannot tell; but you haue made mee doo,
That which must euer more afflict my hart,
And if this be my wofull parte t'vndo,
my dearest loue, would I had had no part.
How haue I sealy woman sifted bene
Examind, tryde, flattred, terrifide,
By *Craterus* the cunningest of men,
That never leaft me till I had discrde
What euer of *Philotas* I had knowne.
Tha. What is that all? perhapps I haue thereby
Done thee more good then thou canst apprehend.
Ant. Such good I rather you should get then I:
If that can be a good t'accuse my friend.
Th. Alas thy accusation did but quote
The margin of some text of greater note.
Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell.
Th. Yes yes *Antigona* I know it well.
For be thou sure that alwayes those who seeke
T'attack the Lyon, so prouide that still,

Their

Their toyles be such as that he shall not skape,
To turne his rage on those that wrought his ill.
Philetus neither was so strong nor high
But malice ouerlooke him, and discride,
Where he lay weake, where was his vanity,
And built her contermonts vpon that side,
In such sorte as they would be sure to raze
His fortunes with the ingins of disgrace.
And now maist thou perhapps come great hereby,
And gracious with his greatest enemie.
For such men thinke they haue no full succes:
vales they likewise gaine the mistresses.
Of those they maister, and succeed the place,
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace
Ant. Loues out alas, loue such a one as hee,
That seekes t'vndoo my loue and in him me.
Th. Tush loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place,
What euer greatnesse doth it must haue grace.
Ant. I weigh not greatnesse I must please mine eye.
Th. Th'eye nothing fairer sees then dignity.
Ant. But what is dignity without our loue?
Th. If we haue that we cannot want our loue,
Ant. Why that giues but the outside of delight:
The day-time ioy, what comfort hath the night?
Th. If powre procure not that, what can it doo?
Ant. I know not how that can b'attaind vnto.
Th. Nor will I teach thee if thou knowst it not.
Tis vaine I see to learne an *Asian* wit. *Exit.*
Ant. If this be that great wit that learned skill,
You *Greekes* professe let me be foolish still,

So I be faithfull. And now being here alone,
Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

SCENA 3.

Craterus. Ephestion. Clitus, &c.

MY Lords, you see the flexible conceipt,
Of our indaungered soueraigne, and you know;
How much his perile, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the state and vs, and therefore now,
We either must oppose against deceipt:
Or be vndon. For now hath time diuided,
An open passage to his farthest ends,
From whence if negligence now put vs back,
Returne we neuer can without our wrack.
And good my Lords since you conceiue as much,
And that we stand alike, make not me prosecute
The cause alone as if it did but touch
Onely my selfe, and that I did both breed,
And vrge these doubts out of a priuate griefe.
Indeed I know I might with much more ease,
Sit still like others, and if dangers come:
Might thinke to shift for one as well as they,
But yet the faith the duty and respect
We owe both to our soueraigne and the state,
My Lords, I hold, requires another care.

Eph. My Lord, assure you we will take a time
To vrge a stricter count of *Dymnus* death.

My

Cra. My Lords I say vnles this be the time,
You will apply your phisicke after death.
You see the king inuited hath this night
Philotas with the rest, and intertaines
Him with as kinde an visage to our sight,
As euer, and you see the cunning straines
Of sweet insinuation that are vsd
T'allure the eare of grace with false reports,
So that all this will come to be excusd;
With one remoue, one action quite transports
The kings affections ouer to his hopes,
And sets him so beyond the due regard
Of his owne safety, as one enterprize,
May serue their turne, and may vs all surprize.

Cli. But now since things thus of them selue breake
We haue aduantage to preuent the worst, (out
And eu'ry day will yeald vs more no doubt,
For they are sau'd that thus are warned first.

Cra. So my Lord *Clitus* are they likewise warn'd.
T'accelarate their plot, being thus bewraide.

Cli. But that they cannot now it is too late
For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe, is made her tombe.

Cra. You do not know how far it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how far is spred
Already the contagion of this ill.

Clit. Why then there may some one be tortured
Of those whom *Ceballinus* hath reueald
Whereby the rest may be discouered.

Cra. That one must be *Philotas* from whose head

All this corruption flowes, take him, take all.
Cli. *Philetus* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhappes not be acquainted with this plot.
Cra. That his concealing of the plot bewrayes,
And if we do not cast to find him first.
His wit be sure hath layd so good a ground,
As he will be the last that will be found.
Cli. But if he be not found: then in this case,
We doo him more by inluring his grace.
Cra. If that he be not found t'haue delt in this,
Yet this will force out some such thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him, for you seldome see,
Such men araigned that euer quitted be:
Eph. Well my Lord *Craterus* we will moue his grace
(Though it be late) before he take his rest,
That some course may be taken in this case,
And God ordaine it may be for the best.

Exeunt

CHORVS.

SEE how these greatmen cloth their priuate hate,
In those faire colours of the publique good:
And to effect their ends pretend the state,
As if the state by their affections stood.
And armd with powre and princes iealosies,
Will put the least conceipt of discontent:
Into the greatest ranke of treacheries:
That no one action shall seeme innocent.

Yea

Yea, valour, honor bounty shall be made,
As accessaries vnto endes vniust:
And euen the seruice of the state must lade,
The needfull'st vndertakings with distrust.
So that base vilenesse idle luxurie,
Seeme safer far, then to do worthily.
Suffician full of eyes, and full of eares,
Doth thorow the tincture of her owne conceipt,
See all thinges in the coulours of her feares:
And truth it selfe must looke like to deceipt,
That what way s'euer the suspected take,
Still, enuy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruine, or will make
Their humors of themselues to take that way.
But this is still the fate of those that are,
By nature or their fortunes eminent.
Who either carried in conceipt too far,
Do worke their owne or others discontent:
Or els are deemed fit to be suppreſt.
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since states haue euer had far more vnreſt,
By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill:
And find that those do alwayes better proue,
Wh'are equall to imployment not aboue.
For selfe opinion would be seene more wise
Then present counsels, customes, orders lawes,
And to the end to haue them otherwise,
The common wealth into combustion drawes.
As if ordaind t'imbroyle the world with wit,
As well as groſenesse to disbonour it.

ACTVS

ACTVS 4.

SCENA 1.

Attarras. Sostratus.

Sost. CAn there be such a sudaine change in Court
As you report? is it to be believd
That great *Philotas* whom we all beheld
In grace last night should be arraignd to day.
Att. It can be: and it is as I report
For states of grace are no sure holds in courts.
Sost. But yet tis strange they should be overthrowne
Before their certaine forfeitures were knowen.
Att. Tush it was breeding long though suddenly
This thunder-crack comes but to break out now.
Sost. The time I wayted and I waited long
Vntill *Philotas* with some other Lords
Depart the presence, and as I conceivd,
I neuer saw the king in better mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace
Can such stormes grow and yet no clouds appeare?
Att. Yea court stormes grow when skies there seeme
It was about the deepest of the night (most cleare
The blackest howre of darknesse and of sleepe
When with some other lords comes *Craterus*
Falles downe before the King, intreats, implores,
Coniures his grace as euer he would looke

To

To saue his person and the state from spoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practises.
Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the distruction of them all.
The king would faine haue put them off to time
And farther day, till better prooses were knowne
Which they perceiuing, preſt him ſtill the more
And reinforc'd his dangers and their owne.
And neuer leaſt him till they had obtaind
Commiſſion t'apprehend *Philotas* ſtreight.
Now to make feare looke with more hidious face,
Or els but to beget it out of forme,
And careſull preparations of diſtruſt:
About the pallace men in armour watch
In armour men about the king attend,
All paſſages and iſſue were forelaid
With horſe, t'interrupt what euer newes
Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.
I with three hundred men in armour charged
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The perſon of *Philotas* preſently:
And comming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the ſoundeſt ſleepe
That euer man could bee. where neither noice
Of clattring weapons, or our ruſhing in
With rude and trampling rumour, could diſſolue
The heauie humour of that drowſie brow
Which held perhaps his ſences now more faſt
As loath to leaue becauſe it was the laſt.
Soft. Attarras, what can reaſon ſleepe ſo ſound?

Wil

Will that lowd hand of Horror that ſtill beats,
Vpon the guilty conſcience of diſtruſt:
Permit it t'haue ſo reſolute a reſt
Art. I cannot tell but thus we found him there,
Nor could wee I aſſure you waken him:
Till thrice I calld him by his name, and thrice
Had ſhooke him hard, and then at length he wakes,
And looking on me with a feeled cheere,
Deare friend *Artarras*, what's the newes ſaid hee?
What vp ſo ſoone to haſten the remoue,
Or raiſd by ſome al'arme or ſome diſtruſt?
I told him that the king had ſome diſtruſt.
Why what will *Nabarzanes* play faith he
The villaine with the king, as he hath done
Already with his miſerable Lord?
I ſeeing he would, or did not vnderſtand
His owne diſtreſſe told him the charge I had:
Wherewith he roſe, and riſing vſd theſe words:
O *Alexander* now I ſee my foes,
Haue got aboue thy goodnes, and preuaild:
Againſt my innocency and thy word.
And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,
Looking on that baſe furniture of ſhame,
Poore body, ſaid he, hath ſo many alarmes
Rayſd thee to bloud and danger from thy reſt,
T'inueſt thee with this armor now at laſt,
Is this the ſeruice I am cald to now?
But we that were not to attend his plaints,
Couering his head with a diſgracefull weed:
Tooke and conuaid him ſuddainly to warde,

From

From whence he shalbe instantly brought forth,
Here to b'arraigne before the king, who sits,
(According to the Macedonian vse)
In cases capitall, himselfe, as Iudge.
Sost. Well then I see who are so high aboue,
Are nere to lightning that are nere to *Ioue*.

SCENA 2.

Alexander with at his counsel, the dead body of Dymnus, *the reuealers of the conspiracie,* Philotas.

THe haynous treason of some few had like,
Thaue rent me from you worthie soldiers,
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your sight, your reuerend sight,
Which makes mee more t'abhore those paracides,
Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong,
You had receiued, if their designe had stood.
Since I desire but life to do you good.
But how will you be mou'd when you shall know,
Who were the men that did attempt this shame?
When I shall show that which I grieue to show?
And name such as would God I could not name,
But that the foulnesse of their practise now
Blots out all memory of what they were,
And though I would suppresse them, yet I know,

This

This shame of theirs will neuer but appeare.
Parmenio is the man, a man you see
Bound by so many merits both to me
And to my father, our ancientst friend
A man of yeares, experience gravity,
Whose wicked minister *Philonus* is
Who here *Dimetrius Luculius*, and
This *Dymnus* whose dead body here you see
With others hath subornd to slaughter mee.
And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*
To whom this murthred wretch at first reueald
The proiect of this whole conspiracie
T'auere as much as was disclosd to him.
Nichomacus looke here aduise thee well,
What dost thou know this man that here lies dead?
Nic. My soueraigne Lord: I know him very well,
It is one *Dymnus* who did three dayes since
Bewray to me a treason practised
By him and others to haue slaine your grace.
Al. Where or by whome, or when did he report
This wicked act should be accomplished?
Nic. He said within three dayes your maiesty
Should be within your chamber murthered
By speciall men of the nobility
Of whom he many named, and they were these
Locrio, *Dimetrius*, and *Arthelepis*
Nicanor and *Amyntas*, *Lucullus*
Drocens with *Aphebarsa* and himselfe.
Mot Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did
Reueale to me from our this youthes report,
did I *Ceb.*

Ceb. And so much with the circumstance of all
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.

Alex. Then what hath bene his mind, who did sup-
The information of so foule a traine (presse
Your selues my worthy Soludiers well may gesse,
Which *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.
Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment stayes,
To redischarge himselfe of such a waight,
Philotas careles, feareless, nothing weighes
Nor ought reueales. His silence shews deceipt,
And tels he was content it should be done
Which though he were no party makes him one.
For he that knew vpon what powre he stood
And saw his fathers greatnes, and his owne
Saw nothing in the way which now withstood
His vast desires, but onely this my crowne.
Which in respect that I am issuelesse
He thinkes the rather easie to b'attaind
But yet *Philotas* is deceiud in this
I haue who shall inherit all I gaind.
In you I haue both children, kindred friends
You are the heires of all my purchases,
And whilst you liue I am not issuelesse.
And that these are not shadowes of my feares,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies,)
See what this intercepted letter beares,
And how *Parmenio* doth his sonnes aduise:
This showes their ends, hold read it *Craterus*.

Crat. reads it. *My sonnes, First haue a special care vnto*
Then vnto those which do depend on you. (*your selues*

So

So shall you do what you intend to doo.

Alex. See but how close he writes, that if these lines
Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,
They might incourage them in their disseignes,
If interpris'd, might mock the ignorant
But now you see what was the thing was ment,
You see the fathers care the sonnes intent.

And what if he as a conspirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest:
That shewes not his innocencie but his powre,
Whom they account too great to be suppreſt:
And rather will accuse themselues then him,
For that whilst he shall liue, there's hope for them.
And how h'hath borne himselfe in priuate sorte,
I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne,
Nor what hath bene his arrogant reporte:
T'imbase my actions, and to bragge his owne.
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote:
To shew him of the stile bestowd on mee,
By th'Oracle of *Iove* these things I thought
But weaknesses, and woordes of vanity,
(Yet words that read the vlcers of his hart)
Which I suppreſt, and neuer ceast to yeald
The cheife rewards of worth and still compart,
the best degrees and honors of the field.
In hope to win his loue, yet now at length,
There haue I danger where I lookt for strength:
I would to God my bloud had rather bene
Powrd out, the offring of an enemy;
Then practizd to be shed by one of mine,

That

That one of mine should haue this infamy,
Haue I bene so reserud from feares to fall
There where I ought not to haue feard at all?
Haue you so oft aduisd me to regard
The safety, which you saw mee running from,
When with some hote pursute I prested hard
My foes abrode; to perish thus at home?
But now that safty only rests in you
Which you so oft haue wisht me looke vnto,
And now vnto your bosomes must I fly
Without whose will I will not wish to liue;
And with your wils I cannot; lesse I giue
Due punishment vnto this treachery.
Amyn. *Attarras*, bring the hatefull prisoner forth
This traitor which hath sought t'vndoo vs all,
To giue vs vp to slaughter, and to make
Our bloud a skorne, here in a barberous land,
That none of vs should haue retourned back,
Vnto our natiue country, to our wiues
Our aged parents, kindred, and our friends,
To make the body of this glorious host
A most deformed trunke without a head,
Without the life or soule to guide the same.
Cenus. O thou base traitor impious parracide,
Who mak'st me loath the bloud that match'd with thine
And if I might but haue my will. I vow
Thou shouldst not die by other hand then mine.
Alex. Fie *Cenus* what a barbarous course is this
He first must to his accusation pleade,
And haue his triall, formall to our lawes.

And let him make the beſt of his bad cauſe
Philotas here the *Macedonians* are
To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vſe?
Phi. The *Perſian* language if it pleaſe your grace,
For thar beſide the *Macedonians*, here
Are many tha; will better vnderſtand,
If I ſhall vſe the ſpeach your grace hath vs'd,
Which was I hold vnto no other end,
But that the moſt men here might vnderſtand.
All. See how his native language he diſdaines,
But let him ſpeake at large as he deſires,
So long as you remember he doth hate
Beſides the ſpeech our glory and the ſtate. *Exit.*
Phi. Black are the couſours laid vpon the crime,
Wherewith my faith ſtands chargd my worthy lords
That as behind in fortune ſo in time,
I come too late to cleere the ſame with words.
My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency, and my iuſt defence;
And takes vp all your harts, and leaues no dore
For mine excuſe to haue an enterance.
That deſtitute of all compaſſion, now,
Betwixt an vpright conſcience of deſert,
And an vnluſt diſgrace, I know not how
To ſatiſfie the time, and mine owne hart.
Authority lookes with ſo ſterne an eye
Vpon this wofull Bar, and muſt haue ſtill
Such an aduantage ouer miſery
As that it will make good, all that it will.
He who ſhould onely iudge my cauſe, is gone,

And

And why he would not ſtay, I do not ſee,
Since when my cauſe were heard his powre alone,
As well might then condemne as ſet me free:
Nor can I by his abſence now be clear'd
Whoſe preſence hath condemn'd me thus vnheard.
And though the greeuance of a priſoners tongue,
May both ſuperfluous and diſgracefull ſeeme,
Which doth not ſue, but ſhewes the iudge his wrong:
Yet pardon mee, I muſt not diſeſteme
My rightfull cauſe for being diſpiſd, nor muſt
Forſake my ſelfe, though I am leaſt of all,
Feare cannot make my innocence vniuſt
Vnto it ſelfe, to glue my truth the fall,
And I had rather, ſeeing how my fortune drawes,
My words ſhould be deformed then my cauſe,
I know that nothing is more delicate
Then is the ſence and feeling of a ſtate:
The clappe, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt
In kings behalfes, thruſts with that violence,
The ſubiects will to proſecute report,
As they condemne, ere they diſcerne th'offence.
Eph. Philotas you deceiue your ſelf in this
That thinke to win compaſſion, and beliefe
B'impugning iuſtice, and to make men geſſe
We doo you wrong out of our heat of griefe,
Or that our place or paſſions did lay more
On your miſfortunes, then your owne deſeart
Or haue not well diſcernd your fact before,
Or would without due prooſes your ſtate ſubuert,
Theſe are the vſuall theames of traytors tongues

Who practise mischiefs, and complaine of wrongs
Your treasons are too manifestly knowne
To maske in other liuery then their owne.
Cra. Thinke not, that we are set to charge you here
With bare suspicions but with open fact,
And with a treason that appeares as cleare
As is the sunne, and knowne to be your act.
Ph. What is this treason? who accuses mee?
Cra. The processe of the whole conspiracy.
Ph. But where's the man that names me to be one?
Cra. Here this dead traitor shews you to be one.
Ph. How can he dead accuse me of the same
Whom liuing he nor did, nor yet could name.
Cra. But we can other testimonie show
From those who were your chiefest complices.
Ph. I am not to b'adiudgd in law you know
No testimonys sũ testibus. By testimony, but by witnesses.
Let them be here produc'd vnto my face
That can auouch m'a party in this case.
My Lords and fellowe soldiers if of those
Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one
Out of his tortures will a word disclose
To shew I was a party: I haue done.
Thinke not so great a number euer will
Endure their torments and themselues accuse
And leaue me out. Since men in such case, still
Will rather slander others then excuse.
Calamity malignant is, and he
That suffers iustly for his guiltinesse
Eases his owne affliction, but to see

Others

Others tormented in the same distresse,
And yet I feare not whatsoeuer they
By rackes and tortures can be forcst to say.
Had I bene one would *Dymnus* haue conceald,
My name being held to be the principall?
would he not for his glory haue reuealed
The best to him to whom he must tell all?
Nay if he falsly then had nam'd me one?
To grace himselfe, must I of force be one.
Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me
And giuen me note of this conspiracy
I had not stood here now but bin as free
From question as I am from treachery.
That is the only cloud that thundereth
On my disgrace. Which had I deemed true
Or could but haue deuind of *Dymnus* death
Philotas, had, my Lords, sat there with you.
My fault was to haue bene too credulous
Wherein I shewd my weakneſse I confeſſe.
Cra. Philotas what a monarch and confeſſe
Your imperfections and your weaknes?
Phi. O *Craterus*, do not insult vpon calamity,
It is a barberous grosſnes to lay on
The weight of skorne where heauy misery
To much already waies mens fortunes downe
For if the cauſe be ill I vndergo,
The law and not reproch muſt make it ſo.
Cra. There's no reproch can euer be too much
To lay on traitors, whoſe deſeatts are ſuch.
Ph. Men vſe the moſt reproches where they feare

The cause will better proue then their desire.

Can. But sir, a traitors cause that is so cleere,
As this of yours will neuer need that feare.

Phi. I ame no traitor but suspected one,
For not beleiuing a conspiracie.
And mere suspect by law condemneth none,
They are approued facts for which men die.

Cra. The law in treasons doth the will correct,
With like seuerenes as it doth th'effect.
Th'affection is the essence of th'offence,
The execution onely but th'accidence,
To haue but will'd it, is t'haue done the same.

Phi. I did not erre in will, but in beliefe,
And if that be a traitor, then am I the cheefe.

Cra. Yea but your will made your beliefe consent
To hide th'practise till th'accomplishment.

Phi. Beliefe turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill.
Some facts men may excuse, though not defend,
Where will & fortune haue a diuers end.
Th'example of my father made me feare,
To be too forward to relate things heard.
Who writing to the king, wisht him forbeare,
The potion his phisition had prepard.
For that he heard *Darius* tempted had,
His faith, with many talents, to b'vntrue.
And yet his druggs in th'end not prouing bad,
Did make my fathers care seeme more then due.
For oft by an vntimely dilligence,
A duty faith may giue a prince offence.

So that, what shall wee doo? if wee reueale,
Wee are dispis'd, suspected if conceale,
And as for this where euer now thou bee,
O *Alexander* thou hast pardon'd me.
Thou hast alreadie giuen me thy hand,
The earnest of thy reconciled hart.
And therefore now ô let thy goodnes stand,
Vnto thy word, and be thou as thou wert.
Yf thou beleuidst me then, I am absolud,
Yf pardon'd me, these fetters are dissolu'd.
What haue I els deseru'd since yester night,
When at thy table I such grace did finde,
What hainous crime hath since beene brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mind?
That from a restfull quiet most profound,
Sleeping in my misfortunes, made secure
Both by thy hand, and by a conscience sound,
I must be wak't for Gyues, for robes impure.
For all disgrace that on me wrath could lay,
And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day.
When I least thought that others cruelte,
Should haue wrought more thẽ thine owne clemency.

Cra. Philotas whatsoeuer glosse you lay,
Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine,
Your pride, your cariage, euer did bewray
Your discontent, your malice, and disdaine.
You cannot palliat mischiefe but it will,
Th'row all the faireſt couerings of deceipt
Be alwaies seene; we know those streames of ill,
Flow'd from that head that feed them with conceipt.

You foster malecontents, you intertaine
All humors, you all factions must imbrace.
You vaunt your owne exploites, and you disdaine
The kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace.
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on,
With hopes of greater good then hath bene seene.
You bragged of late that something would be donne
Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.
And now we see the thing that should be donne.
But God be praisd we see you first vndonne.

Ph. Ah do not make my nature, if it had,
So pliable a sterne of disposition,
To turne to euery kindnes, to be bad,
For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not you charitie t'interprete all
Is donne for fauor to be donne for show,
And that we in our bounties prodigall.
Vpon our ends not on mens needes bestow.
Let not my one daies error make you tell,
That all my life-time I did neuer well.
And that because this falles out to be ill,
That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
It is vniust to ioine t'a present fact
More of time past then it hath euer had
Before to doo with-all, as if it lackt
Sufficient matter els to make it bad.
I doo confesse indeed I wrote somthing,
Against this title of the sonne of *Sonne*,
And that not of the king but to the king,
I freely vsd these words out of my loue,

And

And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of speaking truth, with truste on former grace
Betraid my meaning vnto enmity
And drawne an argument of my disgrace.
So that I see though I spake what I ought,
It was not in that maner as I ought.
And God forbid that euer soldiers words
Should be made lyable vnto misdeedes,
When fainting in their march, tyrd in the fight,
Sick in their tent, stopping their wounds that bleedes,
Or haut and iolly after conqueste gote
They shall out of their heate vse words vnkind,
Their deeds deserue to haue them rather thought
The passion of the season, then their minde.
For souldiers ioy, or wrath is measurelesse,
Rapt with an instant motion, and we blame,
We hate, we prayse, we pitty in excesse
According as our present passions flame.
Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine
Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes slacke
And idle, with our conquests, intertaine
A sullen humor of returning back.
All which conceipts one trumpets sound doth end,
And each man running to his rankes doth lose
What in our tents dislikt vs, and we spend
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.
And words, if they proceed of leuity
Are to be skorn'd, of madnesse pitied:
If out of malice or of iniury
To be remiss'd or vnacknowledged:

For

For of themselues they vanish by disdaine,
But if pursude they will be thought not vaine.

Cra. But wordes according to the person way.
If his designes are hainous so are they.
They are the tinder of sedition, still,
Wherewith you kindle fiers inflame mens will.

Phi. Craterus you haue th'aduantage of the day,
The law is yours to say what you will say.
And yet doth all your Glosse but beare the sence,
Onely of my misfortune not offence.
Had I pretended mischief to the king,
Could not I haue effected it without
Dimnus? did not my free accesse bring
Continuall meanes t'haue brought the same about?
Was not I since I heard the thing discride,
Alone, and arm'd in priuate with his grace.
What hindred me that then I had not tride
T'haue done that mischiefe, hauing time and place?

Cra. Philotas euen the prouidence aboue,
Protectresse of the sacred state of kings,
That neuer suffers trecherie to haue
Good councell, neuer in this case but brings
Confusion to the actors, did vndo
Your harts, in what you went about to do.

Phi. But yet dispayre we see doth thrust men on
Se'ing no way els t'vndoo er be vndon.

Cra. That same dispaire doth likewise let men fall
In that amaze they can do nought at all.

Phi. Well, well, my Lords my seruice hath made
The faith I owe my Soueraigne and the state (knowne

Philotas

Philotas forwardnesse hath euer showne
Vnto all nations at how high a rate
I prizd my king, and at how low my bloud,
To do him honor and my countrie good.
Eph. We blame not what y'haue bene, but what you are:
We accuse not here your valour, but your fact,
Not to haue bene a leader in the warre,
But an ill subiect, in a wicked act.
Although we know thou'dst rather with the loue
Of your owne glory, then with duty lead
You haue done much, yet all your courses proue
You tide still your atchieuements to the head
Of your owne honor, when it had bin meete,
You had them layd, downe at your soueraignes feete.
God giues to kings the honor to commaund,
To subiects all their glory to obay:
Who ought in time of war as rampiers stand,
In peace as th'ornaments of state aray.
The king hath recompenst your seruices
With better loue then you shew thankfulnesse.
By grace, he made you greater then you were
By nature: you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his guift was far more deere
Then all you did, in making you imployd.
But say your seruice hath deseru'd at all,
This one offence hath made it odious all.
And therefore here in vaine, you vse that meane
To plead for life, which you haue canceld cleane.
Phi. My lord you far mistake mee if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blast of breath,

From

From which so oft I ran with light esteeme
And so well haue acquainted mee with death,
No no, my Lords, it is not that I feare
It is mine honor that I seeke to cleare.
And which if my disgraced cause would let
The language of my hart be vnderstood,
Is all which I haue euer sought to get
And which (o leaue mee now) and take my bloud.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you seeke: my life stands in your way;
That is your ayme, take it and do not wounde
My reputation with that wrong I pray.
If I must needes be made the sacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will
The wrath, of Kings but onely bloud suffize,
Yet let me, haue something left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues
But first to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas though grace of Kings all greatnesse giues
It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne
Though all be theirs our harts and hands can do
Yet that by which we doo is onely ours:
The trophies that our blood erects vnto
Their memory to glorifie their powres
Let them inioy: yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace let not that be vndone.
Let that high swelling riuer of their fame
Leaue humble streames that feed them yet their name
O my deare father didst thou bring that spirit
Those hands of vallour that so much haue done.

In

In this great worke of *Asia*, this to merit
By dooing worthily to be vndone?
And hast thou made this purchase of thy sword
To get so great an Empire for thy Lord
And so disgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguish by thy seruice all thy line?
One of thy sonnes by being to valourous
But fiue daies since, yet ô well, lost his breath
Thy deare *Nicanor* thwhalse arch of thy house,
And here now the other at the barr of death
Stands ouerchanged with wrath in far worse case
And is to be confounded with disgrace.
Thy selfe must giue th'acquitance of thy blood
For others debts to whom thou hast done good.
Which if they would a little time afford
Death would haue taken it without a sword.
Such the rewards of great imployments are
Hate kills in peace, whom fortune spares in war.
And this is that high grace of Kings we seeke,
Whose fauour, and whose wrath consumes a like.

Eph. Lo here the misery of kings, whose cause
How euer iust it be, how euer strong,
Yet in respect they may, their greatnesse drawes
The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.
But this foule fact of yours you stand vpon
Philotas shall beside th'apparancy
Which all the world sees plaine, ere we haue done
By your owne mouth be made to satisfie.
The most stiffe partialist that will not see.

Phi. My mouth will neuer proue so false I trust
Vnto my hart, to shew it selfe vniust:

And

And what I here do speake I know my lords
I speake with mine owne mouth, but other where
What may be said I say, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre,
Let thoracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who if it shall be true
Will neuer suffer those who haue conspird
Against *Iones* sonne t'escape without their due;
But will reueale the truth, or if this shall
Not seeme conuenient: why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tongue to tell,
The secret'st thought that could imagin ill.

Bel. What need we sed to know more then we know
That were to giue you time t'acquaint your friends
With your estate, till some combustion grow
Within the camp to hasten on your ends:
And that the gold and all the treasury
Committed to your fathers custody
In *Media*, now might arme his desp'rat troupes
To come vpon vs and to cut our throtes.
What shall we aske of *Ione* that which he hath
Reueald already? but let's send to giue
Thanks that by him, the king hath skapt the wrath
Of thee disloyall traitor and doth liue.

Guar. Lets teare the wretch in peeces, let vs rend
With our owne hands, the traitrous parricide.

Alex. Peace *Belon*, silence louing souldiers,
You see my lords out of your iudgments graue
That all excuses sickly colours haue,
And he that hath thus false and faithles beene

Must

Must finde out other gods and other men
Whom to forsweare, and whom he may deceiue,
No words of his can make vs more beleiue:
His impudence, and therefore seeing tis late,
We till the morning, do dismisse the court.

ACTVS 5.

Chorus. Grecian and Persian.

Per. WEll then *I see there is small difference*
Betwixt your state and ours, you ciuill Greeks
You great contriuers of free gouernments.
Whose skill the world from out all countries seeket.
Those whom you call your kings are but the same
As are our soueraigne tirants of the East,
I see they onely differ but in name,
Th'effects they shew agree, or neere at least.
Your great men here as our great Satrapaes
I see laid prostrate are with baseft shame,
Vpon the leaft suspect, or iealousies
Your King, sconceiue or others enuyes frame,
Onely herein they differ, that your Prince
Proceeds by forme of law t'effect his end;
Our Persian *Monarch makes his frowne conuince*
The strongeft truth: his sword the proces ends
With present death, and makes no more adoe,
He neuer ftands to giue a glosse vnto
His violence, to make it to appeare
In other hew, then that it ought to beare;

Wherein

Wherein plaine dealing best his course commends
For more th'offends who by the law offends
What needs hath Alexander *so to strive*
By all these shewes of forme to find this man
Guilty of treason, when he doth contrive
To haue him so adiudgd, do what he can.
He must not be acquit, though he be clere
Th'offendor not th'offence is punisht here.
And what availes the fore-condemnd to speake
How euer strong his cause, his state is weake.

Gre. *Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we*
Think that well don, which done by law we see.

Per. *And yet your law serues but your priuate ends*
And to the compasse of your powre extends.
But is it for the Maiesty of Kings
To sit in iudgment: thus themselues with you?

Gre. *To do men iustice is the thing that bringes*
The greatest maiesty on earth to Kings.

Per. *That by their subalternate ministers*
May be performed as well, and with more grate
For to command it to be don infers
More glory then to doo. It doth imbase
Th'opinion of a powre t'inuulgar so
That sacred presence, which should neuer go
Neuer beseene, but euen as Gods below
Like to our Persian *Kings in glorious show.*
And who as starres affixed to their Sphere
May not descend to be from what they are. (not men,

Gre. *Where kings are so like gods, there subiects are*

Per. *Your king begin this course, & what wil you be the?*

Gre.

Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the raine
To head-strong powre and lust, I must confesse
We Grecians *haue lost deepely by our gayne,*
And this our greatnesse makes vs much the lesse
For by th' accession of these mighty states
Which Alexander *wonderously hath got*
He hath forgot himselfe, and vs, and rates
His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pompe of feeble Asia *wrought,*
Thy base adorings hath transformd the King
Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his witts, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatnesse springes,
And that it was our swords that wrought these things.
How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our kings inlarged then with our wounds
And made these sallies of ambition.
Before they came to giue the regall law
To those free States which kept their crownes in awe.
They by these large dominions are made more
But we become far weaker then before.
What get we now by winning but wide mindes
And weary bodyes with th' expence of blond ?
What should ill doo, since happy fortune findes
But misery, and is not good, though good ?
Action begets still action, and retaines
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
A neuer ending circle of our paines
That makes vs not haue donne, when we haue donē.

What can give bounder to Alexanders *ends*
Who counter the world but small, that caller him great:
And his desires beyond his pray distends
Like beasts that murther more then they can eate?
When shall we looke his trauailes will be downe,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
What discontentments will there still arise
In such a Campe of kings, to inter-stock
Each others greatnesse, and what mutinies,
Will put him from his comforts, and will mock
His hopes, and neuer suffer him to haue
That which he hath of all which fortune gaue?
And from Philotas *bloud (o worthy man)*
Whose body now gent on the torture lyes
Will flow that volme of fresh conspiracies,
As ouer-flow him will, do what he can.
For cruelty doth not imbetter men
But them more wary makes, then they haue ben.

Per. *Are not your great-men free from tortures then*
Must they be likewise racks, as other men?

Gre. *Treason affords a priuiledg to none*
Who like offends, both punishment all one.

SCE-

SCENA 7.

Polidamas, Softratus.

FRriend *Softratus*, come haue you euer knowne
Such a distracted face of court as now,
Such a distrustfull eye, as men are growne
To feare themselues and all: and do not know,
Where is the side that shakes not, who lookes best
In this foule day, th'oppressor or th'oppresst.
What posting, what dispatches, what aduises,
What search, what running, what discoueries?
What rumors, what suggestions, what deuice
To cleere the king, please people, hold the wise,
Retaine the rude, crush the suspected lotte
At vnawares, ere they discearne th'are hurt.
So much the fall of such a weighty peere
Doth shake the state, and with him tumble downe,
All whom his beame of fauour did vpbeare,
All who to rest vpon his base were knowne.
And none that did but touch vpon his loue
Are free from feate to perish with his loue.
My selfe whom all the world haue knowne t'imbrace
Parmenio in th'intirenes of my hart,
And euer in all battayles, euery chace
Of daunger, sought still next him on that part:
Was seazd on this last night, late in my bed,
And brought vnto the presence of the king.

To pay I thought the tribute of my head,
But ô twas for a more abhorred thing:
I must redeeme my daunger with the bloud
Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenios* bloud.
His life must pay for mine, these hands must gore,
That worthy hart, for whom they fought before.

Sost. What hath the king commanded such a deed,
To make the harts of all his subiects bleed?
Must that olde worthy man *Parmenio* die?

Pol. O *Sostratus* he hath his doome to die,
And we must yeald vnto necessity.
For comming to the king, and there receiud
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:
Polidamas we both haue ben deceiud
In holding friendship with that faithlesse man
Parmenio, who for all his glozing mine
Thou seest hath sought to cut my throte and thine.
And thou must worke reuenge for thee and me:
And therefore haste to *Media* speedely.
Take these two letters here, the one from me
Vnto my sire and trustie seruants there,
The other signed with *Philotas* seale,
As if the same this father written were:
Carry them both, effect what I haue said,
The one will giue th'accesse, the other ayde,
I tooke the letters, vowd t'effect the same,
And here I go the instrument of shame. (shame!

Sost. But will you charge your honour with this

Poli. I must or be vndone with all my name,
For I haue left all th'adamantine tyes

Of

Of bloud and nature, that can hold a hart
Chaind to the world) my brethren and allies
The Ostages to caution for my paine.
And for their liues must I dishonour mine.
Els should the king rather haue turnd this sword
Vpon my hart, then forst it impiously,
(Hauing done all faire seruice to his Lord
Now to b'imployd in this foule villanie.)
Thus must we do, who are inthrald to kings,
whether they will iust or vnlawfull things.
But now *Parmenio*, ô me thinks I see
Thee walking in th'artificiall Groue
Of pleasant *Susis*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient loue
Hastes to imbrace me, Saying ô my friend,
My deare *Polidamas*, welcome my friend,
Well art thou come that we may sit and chatt
Of all the old aduentures we haue run.
Tis long *Polidamas* since we two met,
How doth my soueraigne Lord, how doth my sonne?
When I vile wretch, whilst m'answere he attends
With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends
His speaking ioy, and stabbs him to the hart.
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy seruice, thou that didst agree
For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*
For *Alexander* I must now kill thee.
Such are the iudgments of the heauenly powrs,
We others ruynes worke, and others ours.

Cho. P. Why this is right now *Alexander* takes

The course of powre, this is a *Persian* tricke,
This is our way, here publike triall makes
No doubt full noyse, but buries clamor quick.
Gr. Indeed now *Persia* hath no cause to rew,
For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

NVNCIVS.

THis worke is donne, the sad Catastrophe
Of this great act of blood is finisht now.
Philotas ended hath the tragedy.
Cho. Now good my friend I pray thee tell vs how.
N. As willing to relate as you to heare
A full-charg'd hart is glad to finde an eare.
The Councell being dimiss'd from hence, and gone,
Still Craterus plyes the King, still in his eare,
Still whispering to him priuately alone,
Vrging at seemd a quick dispatch of feare:
For they who speake but priuately to Kings,
Do seldome speake the best and fittest things.
Some would haue had him forthwith slow'd to death.
According to the Macedonian course:
But yet that would not satisfie the breath
Of busie rumour; but would argue force.
There must be some confessions made within,
That must abrode more satisfaction winne.
Craterus with Cænus and Ephestion,
Do mainely vrge to haue him tortured.

Where-

Whereto the king consents, and there vppon
They three are sent to see't accomplished.
Racks, Trons, Fires, the grisely torturers
Stand hideously prepard before his face.
Philotas *all vnmon'd, vnchayned appeares,*
As if he would, deathes ougliest brow out-face,
And skorne the worst of force, and aske them why
They staid to torture the kings enemy.

Cho. *That part was acted well, God grant we heare*
No worse a Scene then this, and all goes cleare.
So should worth act, and they who dare to fight
Against corrupted times should dye vpright:
Such harts kings may dissolue but not defeat,
A great man where he falles he should be great
Whose ruine (like the sacred carkeses
Of skattred temples which still reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no lesse
Then if they stood in all their gallantry.
But on with thy report.

Nu. *Straight were hote-yrons applied to seare his flesh,*
Then wresting racks his comely body straine:
Then yron whipps and then the rack a-fresh,
Then fire againe, and then the whipps againe:
Which he indures with so resolud a looke
As if his mind were of another side
Then of his body, and his sence forsooke
The part of nature, to be wholy tyde
To honor, that he would not once consent
So much as with a sigh t'his punishment.

Ch. *Yet doth he like himselfe yet all is well.*

This Argument no tyrant can refell,
This plea of resolution winnes his cause
More right then all, more admiration drawes,
For we loue nothing more then to renowne
Men stoutely miserable, highly downe.

N. *But now.*

Ch. *We feare that but. O if he ought discend*
Leaue here, and let the Tragedie here end,
Lest not the least act now of his at last,
Marre all his act of life and glories past.

Nu, *I must tell all, and therefore giue me leaue,*
Swolne with raw tumors, vlcered with the ierkes
Of Iron whips, that flesh from bone had raz'd,
And no part free from wounds; it erkes
His soule to see the house so foule defast,
Wherein his life had dwelt so long time clene,
And therefore craues he, they would now dismisse
His grieuous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein b'had donne amisse.
Streight were his tortures ceast, and after they
Had let him to recouer sense he said,
Now Craterus *say, what you will haue me say?*
Wherewith as if deluded, or delaid,
Craterus *in wrath calles presently againe,*
To haue the tortures to be reapplied.
When what soeuer secret of his hart
Which had bene fore-conceiued but in a thought
What friend soeuer had but tooke his part
In common loue b'accus'd; and so forgot
Himselfe that now he was more forward to

Confesse, then they to urge him thereunto,
Whether affliction had his spirits vndonne,
Or seeing to hide vtter mas all one,
Both waies lay death, and therefore he would vie
Now to be sure to say enough to die.

And then began his fortunes to deplore
Humbly besought them, whom he skorn'd before,
That Alexander *where he stood behind*
A Trauers, out of sight, was heard to speake
I neuer thought a man that had a mind
T'attempt so much, had had a heart so weake.

There he confest that one Hegelochus,
When first the King proclaimd himselfe Iouis *sonne:*
Incens'd his fathers heart against him thus,
By telling him that now we were vndone,
If we indur'd, that he which did disdaine
To haue beene Philips *sonne, should line and raigne.*
He that aboue the state of man will straine
His stile, and will not be that which we are,
Not onely vs contemnes, but doth disdaine
The godds themselues with whom he would compare;
We haue lost Alexander, *lost (said he)*
The King; and falne on pride and vanitie:
And we haue made a God of our owne blood,
That glorifies himselfe, neglects our good.
Intollerable is this impious deed,
To Godds, whom he would match, to men he would exceed.

Thus hauing ouer-night Hegelochus
Discourst: my father sends next day
For me to heare the same: and there to vs

All

All he had said to him made him re-say.
Supposing out of wine the night before
He might but idlie raue. When he againe
Far more inraged in heat and passion more
Vrgd vs to clere the state of such a staine.
Coniurd vs to redeeme the common-weale
And doo like men, or els as men conceale.

Parmenio *thought whilst yet* Darius *stood*
This course was out of season, and thereby
Th' extinguishing of Alexanders *blood*
Would now not profit vs, but th' enemy.
But he once dead, we seazing th'others powres
Might make all th' orient, and all Asia ours,
That course we lik't, to that our councell stands,
There-to we tyde our othes, and gaue our hands.
And as for this, he said, for Dymnus *plot,*
Though he were cleere yet now it cleer'd him not.
And yet the force of racks at last could do
So much with him, as he confest that too.
And said that fearing Bactra *would detaine*
The king too long, he hastned on his ende,
Least that his father, Lord of such a traine
And such a wealth, on whome the whole depends,
Should being aged, by his death preuent
These his designes, and frustrate his intent.

Dum inficiatus eſt facinus crudeliter torqueri videbatur poſt confeſſionē. Philotas ne amicorū quidē miſericordiam meruit.

Cho. *O would we had not heard this latter iarre,*
This all his former straines of worth doth marre:
Before this last his foes his spirit commends,
But now he is vnpitied of his friends.

Nun. *Then was* Demetrius *likewise brought in place,*

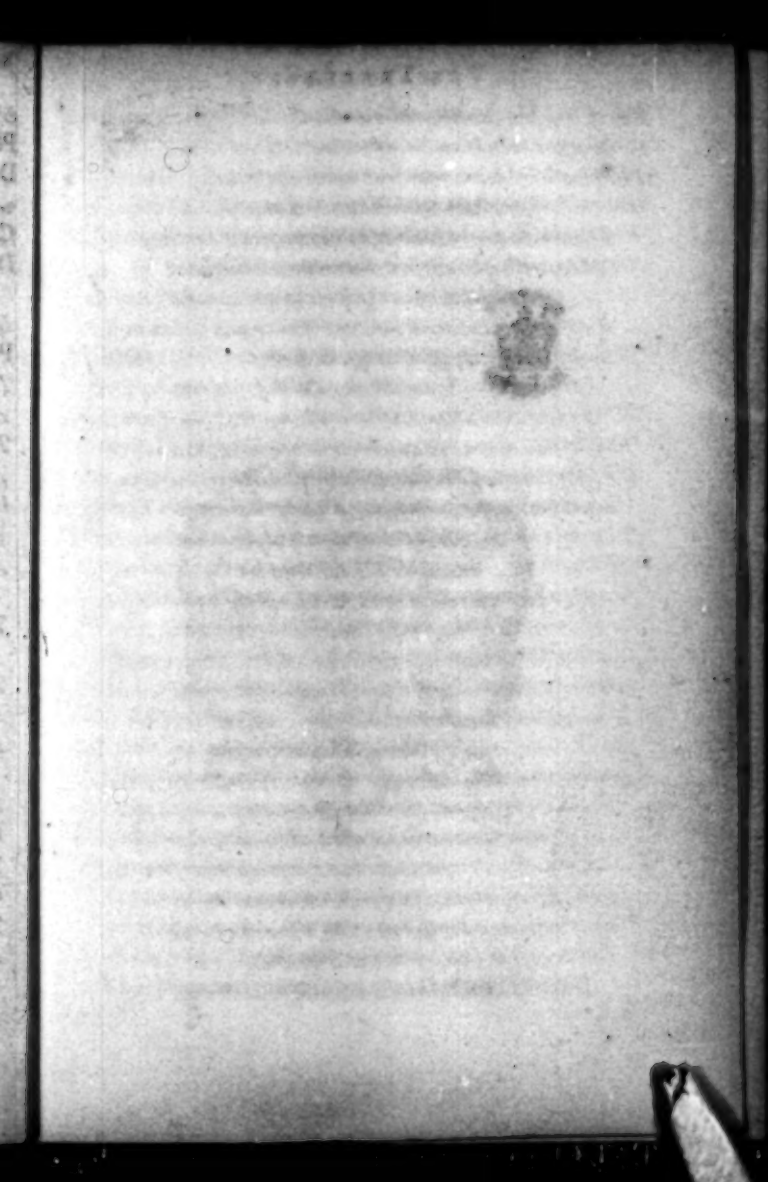
And put to torture, who denies the deed,
Philotas *he averres it to his face.*
Demetrius *still denies: then he espide*
A youth one Calin *that was standing by;*
Calin *said he, how long wilt thou abide,*
Demetrius *vainely to avouch a lie.*
The youth, that never had ben nam'd before
In all his tortures, gave them cause to gesse
Philotas *car'd not now to utter more*
Then had bene privie to his practises.
And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,
They with Demetrius *ston'd him unto death,*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to have conspird,*
With greevous tortures now must loose their breath:
And all that were allyde which could not flie,
Are in the hands of Justice now to dye.

Ch. *What must the punishment arise beyond*
Th'offence, not with th'offender make an end?

Nu. *They all must dye who may be feard in time*
To be the heires unto their kindreds crime,
All other punishments end with our breath,
But treason is pursude beyond our death.

Ch. *The wrath of Kings doth seldome measure keepe,*
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deepe:
When punishment like lightning should appeare
To few mens hurt, but unto all mens feare.
Great Elephants, and Lyons murther least,
Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast,
But all is well if by the mightie fall
Of this great man, the King be safely freed:

But

But if this Hydra *of ambition shall*
Have other heads, to spring vp in his steed
Then hath he made but way for them to rise,
Who will assault him with fresh trecheries.
The which may teach vs to obserue this straine,
T'admire high hills, but liue within the plaine.

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